

BRITANNIA

SIXPENCE

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THE NATION'S EYES FOCUSSED ON BOGNOR.

The King is now recuperating at Craigweil House after his long and painful illness. A photographer takes up a strategic position outside the King's residence with a long-focus camera, hopeful of obtaining a picture.

A LARGE green ambulance left Buckingham Palace last Saturday morning conveying the King to Bognor. The blinds were partly drawn, and as the ambulance passed into Buckingham Gate, the King raised a thin arm weakly acknowledging the cheers of the crowd.

Out through the streets of London, where crowds of all classes gave expression to their heart-felt thankfulness at His Majesty's recovery, the ambulance sped along the route to Bognor which had been kept secret (via Leatherhead, Dorking, Billingshurst and Pulborough).

At every few yards along the whole 64 miles of road, groups of people

gathered to watch the ambulance pass, to cheer and wave handkerchiefs.

In the grey fields of the open country humble labourers stood still and raised their caps.

Twice on the journey, at Dorking and Billingshurst, the ambulance slowed down to five miles an hour for the King to take food, and then some of his subjects caught a fleeting glimpse of His Majesty, whose head was slightly raised on the pillow. His face, thin and drawn, showed the marks of his illness.

No cars were allowed to pass the Royal ambulance, and those approaching were held up to keep the road clear.

And so through a long journey on

a cold day of mist and fitful sunshine the King came to Craigweil House.

The bed on which he lay was carried from the ambulance up the stone steps into the house. The Royal Standard was broken at the mast-head, and His Majesty was borne tenderly to a room far different from that he had occupied at Buckingham Palace during his eleven weeks of suffering.

From this room the King in his bed can look out upon the wide waters of the Channel, the beach and the palm trees.

That here, at rest under the fresh and healing breezes, the King will find new health again is the earnest prayer of all his subjects, high and humble. Long live the King!

For list of Contents see page 192.

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ANATIONAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

WE make no apology for returning to the consideration of our precarious industrial situation. Before the appalling figures of 1,500,000 unemployed and faced with the terrible spectre of actual want in the coalfields, Parliament does nothing. We need not be surprised. Members of Parliament are not chosen for their business ability. Further, they are not free agents and their constituents are exacting taskmasters. The impotence of the House of Commons in face of widespread unemployment is just the logical result of an illogical system. Yet something must be done.

WHEN a big business undertaking begins to lose money, the first step is to overhaul its organisation and to remodel it. Last week, for instance, the final details of the reorganisation of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. were commenced. This provides for the writing down of capital, settles the issues between the banks, the debenture holders, and the ordinary shareholders; provides for the separation of the engineering and shipbuilding sides of the business, and makes changes in the management and control. This is a pendant to the earlier amalgamation of certain of the Armstrong with the Vickers interests, and the whole provides an admirable example of what a Board of Directors can and should do when faced with an actual emergency such as confronted these firms three years ago. At that time vast sums were being lost, and the credit of the firms was nearly exhausted. Now the reorganisation is considered so promising that the banks have accepted a holding of ordinary shares in place of a much larger holding of debenture stock.

Lancashire's Example.

PERHAPS an even more striking instance of the way practical business men face practical difficulties is provided by the Lancashire Spinning Combine, which has been formed to take over a third of the whole of the American cotton spinning industry of Lancashire; secured and unsecured creditors, the banks and the subsidiary suppliers of plant and materials, the shareholders, the directors, one and all have been called upon to make heavy sacrifices. Perhaps most notably, the Bank of England has been induced to break away from its age-long policy and put up the working capital on easy terms. The new combine will be able to put into operation the commonsense policies of bulk purchase of yarn, unified selling, bulk disposal of waste, economic management, and the specialisation of individual mills spinning uniform products which has contributed

so directly to the unparalleled prosperity of the French textile industry since the war.

THESE far-reaching reforms have been carried through without election, without speeches, without intolerable delays, because they have been carried through by men who know the technique, not of cotton spinning or shipbuilding, but of financial, commercial, and industrial organisation. What we want is a Board of Directors of similar capabilities to survey the needs of British industry as a whole.

An Industrial G.H.Q.

THERE are difficulties in the way. Individual members of such a board, for instance, might be prejudiced in favour of sectional interests. But if the banks can meet their creditors in the gate so also can men be found who will take a long and sane view of the claims of different industries to determine in their own interests the economic policy of the country. After all, these claims are only apparently conflicting. In the long run the depression of one basic industry means the depression of all.

OUR national problem is only the ordinary business problem writ large. We have got to decide how best to employ our resources, which assets to write off and which to recapitalise, where to close down and where to extend. We have got to establish an industrial G.H.Q. which can represent the needs of British industry as a whole and can speak with such unchallengeable authority that no politician will dare to place a veto on their recommendations.

Trade with Russia.

LITTLE comment has so far been made on the fact that a group of English business men have been approached on behalf of the Soviet Government with a view to the resumption of trade relations. A lot of nonsense has been talked on both sides about the Bolshevik régime in Russia, which is neither progressive, enlightened nor moral. It began with the deliberate murder by a tyrannous minority, not of a few hundred reactionaries but of hundreds of thousands of innocent people. The action of this minority had the excuse neither of fanaticism nor efficiency. To win the grudging and insecure support of the peasants the Bolsheviks denied their communistic principles and gave the peasants the land. To gratify the needs of their supporters in the towns these same perjured men destroyed the rights of private trade in other commodities. As the result they disorganised the life of the country and in the great famine of 1921 millions died of starvation.

Ready to Trade.

TO-DAY the threat of a new famine hangs over the land: illiteracy, crime and drunkenness are on the increase and the standard of life of the 150,000,000 people of Russia is admittedly deplorably low. Yet the Communist minority remain unshaken in their determination to maintain by force their unexampled tyranny, and are able to do so because the people whose ruin they have caused are broken in spirit. But what is the other side of the picture. Cruel, inefficient and vindictive as is the present régime, that of Czardom was little better. Its intentions were good; its achievement was deplorable. *There is to-day no alternative government for Russia and there cannot be until Russian industry is restored.* Miserable though the plight of Russia is to-day it would be infinitely worse if, by reason of an economic breakdown, tyranny gave way to anarchy.

WE have approached the question of trade with Russia from the Russian standpoint because the advantages to England are immediate and obvious. The Russians need new plant, new railways and rolling stock, new factories, and they are ready to buy them from us. A body of business men, unfortunately without any official backing, have arranged to go out in person to satisfy themselves that the security offered is adequate. If their report is favourable we may well hope that trading relations will be resumed at some not too distant date.



A threat of famine hangs over Russia where the standard of living is deplorably low. Illiteracy, crime and drunkenness are increasing, and the people are broken in spirit. There can be no improvement until Russian industry is restored.



Robert, as a temporary nursemaid (unpaid), looks after a *fram* and its occupant while Mother goes to vote.

THE House of Commons is a very human assembly. It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the personal popularity (or the reverse) of individual members. And this quite outside questions of Party. Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, when he sat in Parliament as Edward Wood, was liked and respected on all sides of the House.

The turning point in the Lloyd George Coalition Government's Irish policy was when Edward Wood, a private member, who had already refused office, counselled an agreed settlement during the height of the Civil War. It wasn't so much that he criticised Ministers as that he hinted that he could and, if necessary, would do so. Lords Robert and Hugh Cecil, and Oswald Mosley, the latter still a Conservative, had actually crossed the floor of the House on this question and gone into opposition. But a hint from Wood had more effect than a regiment of such.

We have another example to-day in a cheery little Socialist barber, "Jimmy" Stewart. For years he has been introducing private Bills to compel hairdressers catering for Christians to close on Sundays and for Jews on Saturdays. This last strenuous session has necessitated the Government taking all time for private members' Bills.

Every Session when this is not done sees two or three measures reach the Statute Book through luck in the ballot. Comrade Stewart's Barbers' Bill will save the session from complete barrenness in private legislation. And all because everyone likes him and he has the sweetest and most persuasive smile imaginable. And this at a time when there is a general revolt against artificial restrictions on the liberty of the subject and the Home Secretary is being harried and hunted for his alleged *mésalliance* with the hated D.O.R.A. Hard pressed as to whether D.O.R.A. was still alive "Jix" declared her dead. Sir Walter de Frece retorted that she had left a lot of illegitimate children behind her. But Stewart's little Bill is accepted for the sake of its political parent.

The WORLD of POLITICS

*No Shaves on Sunday?
A New Liberal Label?
Winston Churchill for the
Foreign Office?*

A NEW LABEL FOR LIBERALS.

I HEAR there is a movement among the Whigs to change the name of the Liberal Party. They want to call themselves the Free Trade Conservatives, and are quite consistent, for the Runcimans, and Milords Beauchamp and Sheffield are far more Conservative than the Baldwins and Chamberlains, yet cling to their Free Trade faith.

If they really wanted to be popular in the country, however, they should come out boldly for a return to "splendid isolation," a plague on all foreigners, and our withdrawal from the League of Nations. The old isolationism is strong in the country and vocal at Westminster. If the Channel Tunnel is scotched it will be because of popular horror at the thought of millions of "Armenians" pouring into the country without braving the discomforts of the Channel crossing.

Eulogies of Mr. MacDonald's admitted achievements in the realm of foreign politics leave Labour audiences cold; and the real working men Socialists always declare that the fault of the Labour Government was that the Prime Minister insisted on being his own Foreign Secretary instead of confining himself to far more important questions at home.

And I would remind readers of BRITANNIA that the final downfall of Mr. Lloyd George's last Government was brought about by the public suddenly realising, during the summer holidays, that we were mixing ourselves up in a war between Greece and Turkey and proposed to spend good British money and shed pure British blood in defence of a place called Chanak. The fact is that all foreigners are unpopular at the present moment. A general withdrawal from all adventures abroad, peaceful or otherwise, would be hailed with acclamation.

"I HAD ONE THE NOO."

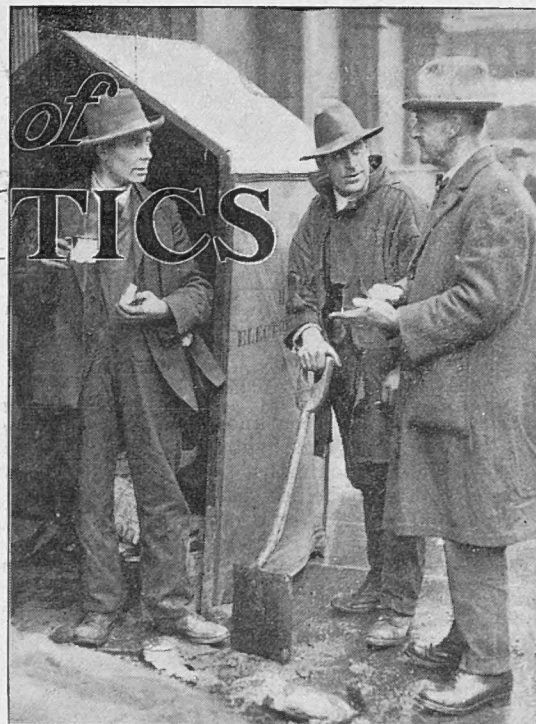
THE following exchange of pleasantries took place between Lady Astor and Mr. McQuisten, K.C., who represents a Highland Division of Scotland, where whisky distilling is a flourishing industry. Heavy imports of gin into the Gold Coast are disturbing the Colonial Secretary, the local missionaries, the progressive native chieftains and our Senior Lady Member. Freddie McQuisten proposed a bright and novel remedy, namely, that the natives should be encouraged to drink wholesome Scotch whisky instead of trade gin.

LADY ASTOR: "Now, be careful. Remember you had to stop taking it."

FREDDIE (with perfect sang froid): "Not a bit of it. I had one the noo."

MR. CHURCHILL'S AMBITION.

ONE explanation of Mr. Churchill's recent Free Trade speeches and the Prime



Mr. W. Bennett (Socialist) canvasses in the Battersea by-election, which resulted in a gain for the Socialists.

Minister's statement that both Protectionists and Free Traders can support safeguarding is that, if the Government wins the coming Election, Baldwin will reconstruct his Cabinet and again ask Mr. Reginald McKenna to take the Exchequer. Mr. Churchill is tired of his office of Chancellor, and is not alone in this. He has held every important office of State except Foreign Secretary and Lord Chancellor. Lord Hailsham will remain on the Woolsack, but Mr. Churchill wants to go to the Foreign Office.

THE BALDWIN-MACDONALD DUEL.

THERE is certainly need of a serious presentation of the anti-Socialist case. The fight has begun by a duel between Baldwin and MacDonald; but they are firing at long range. The Prime Minister talks about the failure of nationalised shipping in Australia and the United States and the Belgian railways. Mr. MacDonald retorts by quoting the Canadian railways, the Australian Federal Bank and the dykes of Holland.

What the electorate want to know is the proposals of the two chief Parties with regard to the coal-mines and agriculture in England and Scotland. As for Mr. Churchill's efforts at Battersea, it is, no doubt, good electioneering to describe MacDonald as a snob, a hypocrite and a humbug; but where does he, the Chancellor, stand with regard to the Safeguarding of Iron and Steel, and what are his actual proposals for dealing with unemployment?

As for the Socialists, what have they got to say about *Rationalisation*, which is a far more live issue than Nationalisation to-day, and how do they propose to protect the workers' and managers' wages on the one hand, and the community against the undue raising of prices on the other?

Everyone knows a monopoly can be made to pay under State or Private ownership and managership. The Electors will, or should, want to know, how will Government-controlled enterprise compete in the International market? "WESTMINSTER."

BAD MANNERS

In The

HOUSE of COMMONS

THERE has been another "Labour scene" in the House of Commons. The reports in the newspapers interested me sufficiently to turn for a fuller record of the incident to that impartial chronicle, the Official Report, commonly known as "Hansard." The following extract from the Report shows the earlier progress of this disorderly scene:—

Colonel HOWARD-BURY:

Is it the case that in South Wales several mines which are trying to open need 2,000 colliers and cannot get them?

Mr. MARDY JONES: Is it in order for an hon. Member to make insinuations with regard to the miners of South Wales in that way? It is absolutely untrue.

Mr. HARDIE: I desire to put a question.

HON. MEMBERS: Sit down!

Mr. JONES: Do not tell a lot of fibs! [Interruption.]

Mr. SPEAKER: A point of Order was raised, to which I will give a reply, but was not given a chance. It is certainly not in order for any insinuation to be made, either now or at any time, and I hope that hon. Members will not do so.

HON. MEMBERS: Withdraw!

Mr. KIRKWOOD: He has got to withdraw.

Several HON. MEMBERS rose—

Mr. KIRKWOOD: If you are going to deliver a lecture, Mr. Speaker, deliver it to the other side, and not to this side. He knows it is a lie, and he is a liar! [Interruption.] Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Mr. SPEAKER: Order, order!

Mr. WESTWOOD: Does the hon. and gallant Member know that he has not only insulted the miners, but insulted the Her to the Throne by his insinuations?

HON. MEMBERS: Withdraw!

Mr. KIRKWOOD: We are going to have a withdrawal. Is he going to withdraw?

Colonel HOWARD-BURY: Might I say that it was in all yesterday's newspapers.

HON. MEMBERS: It is a lie!

Mr. KIRKWOOD: Tell us the paper it was in. You are making bad worse. Withdraw! [Interruption.] The House is not going to allow it, and we are not going to allow our people—

HON. MEMBERS: Name!

Mr. SPEAKER: The hon. Member knows quite well that that is not the way to behave in this House. He only makes matters worse, and more difficult for me. I hope that he will understand that,

Cad, cur, liar, blackguard, hound, and perisher are among the choice epithets used to describe opponents by excited members of the Labour Party in the House of Commons. Lord Birkenhead declares very emphatically that masters in the use of such language are unfitted for the responsibilities of government.

and not continue these interruptions.

Mr. JONES: The hon. and gallant Member made a deliberate statement, which I say is a lie, and he is a liar.



COLONEL HOWARD-BURY, who asked a simple question about the South Wales mines, and was called "a liar," with lively results.



MR. SPEAKER, whose authority is so often flouted by Labour M.P.'s, but who remains unruffled by these episodes.



SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, involved in a Labour scene last July, and described by Mr. Will Thorne as a "dirty little perisher."

A week later Mr. Maxton, another Socialist member, declared, in a speech on the Trades Dispute Bill, that "the Attorney-General is a blackguard and a liar," and was suspended.

A fortnight later Mr. Tom Shaw, a Labour ex-Minister, declared a Conservative statement to be "deliberate lying."

"CONTEMPTIBLE AND UNMANLY."

ON November 16, 1927, the Labour Party howled down the President of the Board of Trade, and compelled a suspension of the House, which was followed an hour later by its adjournment for the same reason.

On November 27, Mr. Buchanan told the Chairman that his ruling was "both contemptible and unmanly," while Mr. Wallhead called him a "damned cad." Other Labour members added the words "Damned unfair."

On February 22, 1928, Mr. Jack Jones shouted that a statement by Sir Kingsley Wood was "an absolute lie," and added, more than once, before being ordered out of the House, that he was "a damned liar."

SOME VERY CHOICE EPITHETS.

THE same two members were involved in another scene on July 11 last. Hansard is dumb concerning it, but the *Daily Chronicle* reported the episode as follows:—

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD (Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health) said he felt a good deal of sympathy with Bedwelty and Chester-le-Street.

Mr. JACK JONES: "Chuck it. No soft soap. Give us the facts."

There were constant interruptions from the Labour benches until Sir Kingsley moved the closure, and cries of "Shame" came from the Labour benches, and the next few minutes were lively.

Mr. WILL THORNE at intervals cried out, "2s. a week for child and £3 a week for a horse." Finally he stood up and cried, "You are a dirty little perisher!"

Mr. JACK JONES: "A dirty little cur." (Cries of "Order.")

Mr. WILL THORNE: "Mr. Speaker! Can you wonder at people getting indignant with a dirty hound like that?"

Mr. J. JONES: "He ought to be in gaol."

On the following day Mr. Shinwell again attacked the Speaker for partiality.

And so it goes on, month after month, session after session.

SOME PREVIOUS DISORDERS.

THIS is not the only time recently when the Labour Party have imported into the House of Commons an attitude and a vocabulary which is not merely "unparliamentary," but which is intolerable in any assembly of decent men and women summoned to deliberate upon matters of public importance.

I have had the curiosity to glance through the pages of the Official Report and the press during the past two years. Here are a few of the contents which have caught my eye.

On June 15, 1927, Mr. Buchanan, a Labour member, commented on a statement by Mr. Locker-Lampson, "What a lie!" Despite a colleague's disingenuous question to the Speaker whether it was against the rules of the House "if an Hon. Member says someone is lying and does not call him a liar," Mr. Buchanan was ordered to withdraw.

By the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead

AN ATTACK ON MR. CHURCHILL.

I AM not for one instant forgetting that there are sometimes occasions when members of Parliament, who are as other men, will not be roused, by the stress of their emotion over a real or fancied grievance to express their dissatisfaction in an unparliamentary manner. Everyone familiar with the earlier parliamentary history of the present century will recall at least three occasions when, excitement having reached boiling point, members have sought relief in unmannerly and regrettable conduct.

There was, for example, the notorious incident when Mr. Ronald MacNeill, now Lord Cushendun, seized a large and heavy volume from the table and hurled it at Mr. Winston Churchill, who received it on the cheek.

That the volume was a manual of parliamentary procedure and etiquette was not held to have at all extenuated the offence.

But this was during the hottest moments of the Pone Rule fight, when tempers had been worn thin by many months of embittered controversy. It is only proper to add that Mr. MacNeill apologised handsomely to Mr. Churchill and the House next day, and that the episode, deplorable though it was, did have the effect of shocking the House into a more proper frame of mind.

Such episodes used to occur on an average of perhaps once in the lifetime of every Government. They were not repeated day in and day out during each session, as is now the case since the Labour Party has become the second most powerful group in the House.

HOT "IRISH NIGHTS."

PARLIAMENTARY obstruction is, of course, no new phenomenon. The Irish Nationalists were its greatest masters. Whenever it seemed to their leaders that the cause of Ireland was being neglected, the whole party made it their business to devise means for holding up the other business of the House.

An "Irish night" was a familiar and recurrent happening from the first day when I entered the House of Commons until the outbreak of the War. Whether such in-

cidents served the ultimate purposes of the party, I doubt; but they certainly had a propagandist value both in England and Ireland.

They differed from the present spate of abusive Labour exclamations in that they were the deliberate and concerted efforts of an entire party, designed with a clear purpose; whereas the shrieks of "Cad" and "Liar" which are now monotonously hurled by Labour back-benchers at their opponents represent nothing but the inability of the interrupters to state and argue a reasonable case.

DISGUSTED LEADERS.

IT is well known that this abuse is as unwelcome to the more intelligent Labour leaders in the House of Commons as it must be to all other thinking men and women in the country.

How often have not Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Henderson sat, pale, bowed and silent, on their front bench while the Maxtons, Kirkwoods and Jack Joneses behind them, yelled their coarse insults over their heads? These leaders know that such behaviour serves only to discredit their party with all who witness it or read of it.

They must ponder sadly, as the laughter of the other parties rises at a more than usually hysterical outburst from Mr. Lansbury and his like, that the public may well hesitate to entrust the destinies of the country to men whose notions of debate seem modelled on the more eccentric practices of a howling dervish. And they are right. Only fanatical fools can regard without disgust the violence with which a large section of the Socialist party seeks to impose its views, always ill-considered, on the rest of the House.

BAD-MANNERED BACK-BENCHERS.

BUT, it may be argued, should the sins of the back benchers be visited on the innocents who sit in front of them? I, for one, would be loath to condemn the whole of either the Conservative or the Liberal party for the shortcomings of any irresponsible

G.C.S.I., P.C.

member seated on the back benches. (I will not pause to consider whether the present strength of the Liberal Party in the House permits any of its members to be called a back bencher).

With the Socialists the case is wholly different. In the first place, not all the worst offenders are back benchers. Mr. Lansbury is one of the most influential members of the Party, and many of his most puerile exhibitions have been staged on his Party's front bench. Mr. Maxton, too, though with a somewhat transparent show of modesty he has expressed a preference for a less conspicuous site in the House, is one of the spiritual leaders of the Socialists: many observers have prophesied for him the leadership of the Party in the not too distant future.

The country has not forgotten that, during the short-lived and futile period of Mr. Macdonald's Premiership, it was precisely Mr. Lansbury and Mr. Maxton who exercised a decisive and disastrous influence in its councils. There can be no doubt that, if any calamity of electoral folly should again place a Socialist government in power, this type of Labour politician will hold the reins and put the uneasy nominal leaders through their paces.

UNFITTED FOR RESPONSIBILITY.

IT is a truism of Parliamentary life, as of all analogous institutions in any country and in any age, that a man's capacity for responsibility can be predicted with fair accuracy by his conduct when he is in opposition. Men who, not once but many times, indeed almost without cease, denounce members of the Government as cads and liars—though, to the best of my belief, not a single one of their accusations has even been shown to have the slightest foundation of truth—are not likely, when placed in an executive post, to display that self-control, that strength of judgment, that persuasiveness in exposition which every people must desire in the statesmen who control its destinies.



MR. MARDY JONES who is particularly fond of the words "lie" and "liar." He had the first passage of arms with Colonel Howard-Bury which led to the disturbance recently.



MR. JACK JONES. Ordered out of the House of Commons last February, for repeated use of the phrase, "a damned liar." One of the most turbulent M.P.'s in Parliament.



MR. BUCHANAN, whose language sometimes gets the better of him. Like many other Labour M.P.'s, he believes that truth is the sole prerogative of the Parliamentary Labour Party.



MR. MAXTON. His Parliamentary manners leave much to be desired. On one occasion he described the Attorney-General (Sir Douglas Hogg) as "a blackguard and a liar."



MR. KIRKWOOD. Frequently defies the Chair, and in the recent turbulent scene in the House of Commons, told the Speaker to "put that in your pipe and smoke it."

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

A Critical Survey of Current Events.

A Popular Governor.

SIR LESLIE WILSON, who was received by the Prince of Wales last week on his return from Bombay after a brilliantly successful governorship, must be congratulating himself that it is his successor—Sir Frederick Sykes—who has to deal with the very serious riots which have just broken out.

Oddly enough Sir Frederick, like his predecessor, started life in the Marines, and also like Sir Leslie, saw service in Gallipoli during the war. Colonel Sykes, as he then was, commanded the R. N. A. S. while Colonel Wilson was in the line with the Hawke battalion of the Royal Naval Division.

Sir Leslie Wilson's Future.

BEFORE going to Bombay, Sir Leslie Wilson was, of course, chief whip first to the Coalition and then to Mr. Bonar Law's administration, but I fancy he has said good-bye to the House of Commons and that, like his friend, Lord Lloyd, he will find more important spheres of activity overseas. Extremely accessible, with a fine presence and a genius for handling men of all types and schools, he has made an ideal Governor, and will some day make an equally ideal Governor-General.

I should not be surprised to see him get some very big appointment from the Labour Party with whom he is very popular, in due course.

Two Careers.

WHAT strange things careers are! The same day that Sir Leslie Wilson made his official return from Bombay saw the appointment of Colonel Freyberg, V.C., to the command of the 1st Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. I last saw the two together on the night of the historic capture of Beaucourt and Beaumont Hamel on November 13th, 1916, when they were both commanding infantry battalions. Both were wounded, but Colonel Freyberg was able to carry on, organise and lead the decisive assault on the final objective. He became at once one of the most famous soldiers of the war, and at the age of 29 commanded an infantry brigade.

To-day, more than 13 years later, he has just reached, by the slow process of seniority, the rank he held on the day he won his V.C. But he is still a young man, and will go far, because he is that rare combination—a "fighting" soldier and a scientific staff-

college officer. The Manchester Regiment at any rate can be congratulated on his appointment.

Colonel Freyberg is a brother-in-law of Mr. McKenna and at one time had political ambitions, but I imagine he has since changed



Sir Leslie Wilson whose governorship of Bombay has been highly successful. He is succeeded by Sir Frederick Sykes. Sir Leslie Wilson before going to Bombay was well known as the Chief Whip to the Coalition and then to Mr. Bonar Law's Administration.



Colonel B. C. Freyberg, V.C., appointed to the command of the 1st Battalion, Manchester Regiment. He won his V.C. in a memorable leadership of a desperate attack at Beaumont Hamel in November, 1916. He was the youngest general in the British Army.

his mind and certainly the Army would be very foolish to lose him.

The Moral of Battersea.

THE moral of Battersea is not what most people suppose it is. The significant thing is not the election of the Labour Member but the 25 per cent. fall in the poll. This means, if it means anything, that Labour's chance of victory in the next election is non-existent.

Opposition parties at bye-elections poll their maximum. For them victory means a lot and moreover they always rally to their side that large section of the electorate which wishes to express its discontent with the Government without actually wishing to turn them out of office.

The fall in the poll, and in the Labour vote at Battersea means just this:—the natural discontent of all sorts of people with a four-year-old government has not, as is usual, brought votes to their opponents. On the contrary there is a quite equal amount of discontent with the Opposition.

Small States.

THE agreement between Italy and the Vatican

will add to the number of small States which are such a delight to examiners in geography. The Republic of San Marino, which has only 38 square miles of territory, is one; Liechtenstein, with 65 square miles, is another; and Monaco, which is even smaller, is a third. Next comes Luxembourg with a territory of just under 1,000 square miles. The smallest of all European States was Orange, from which William III took his title and which remained an independent State until the eighteenth century. Its principal claim to fame to-day, apart from the fact that its name but not its history is familiar to every English schoolboy, is its superb Roman theatre, which the L.C.C. might well adopt as a standard for their licensing regulations. At any rate it is the only theatre I have ever seen which has an adequate number of cloak rooms and exits. It was built nearly 2,000 years ago.

The Story of the U Boats.

IN *Raiders of the Deep* (Heinemann) Lowell Thomas tells the story of the German U boats, the power under water which did such colossal damage during the war. Mr. Thomas, in search of an ultra-modern sea story, got into touch with the U boat commanders who survived, and obtained from them first-hand accounts of the work of these monsters of the deep.

The U boat commanders were for the most part charming men who chose warfare under the sea because it involved the highest risk and adventure. Spiess, for example, was a delightful man, but he was largely responsible for the U 9 destroying three British cruisers in one day. How these boats travelled great distances, did enormous damage, and returned to Germany in safety is described in detail. They came into the North Sea with impunity, raided the Russian ports, scoured the sea to Gallipoli and went as far as the American Coast, and sank the *Lusitania*.

In extracts from the U 20 Commander's log one reads this of the tragedy of the *Lusitania*:—

"Torpedo shot at

distance of 700 metres.

Hits steering centre behind bridge.

Ship stops and turns over to starboard."

The scene on board was so horrible that the U 20's commander could not endure it and "gave orders to dive twenty metres and away."

Might Have Won the War.

THIS book makes one realise that Admiral Sims was probably right when he said that if Germany could have kept fifty submarines at work on the great shipping routes in the winter and spring of 1917 she would have won the war.



Miss Edna May the well-known actress, and the original "Belle of New York." She is seen leaving Tilbury for Rio de Janeiro to recuperate after a serious illness.



Mr. Arthur Fairfax Luxmore, K.C., who has just been appointed a judge of the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division). Has been Mayor of New Romney since 1920. Contested the Isle of Thanet Division as a Liberal in 1924.

But perhaps the most interesting fact made clear in Mr. Lowell Thomas' fascinating book is that scarcely more than three hundred German submarines took any actual part in the war and the losses among these were terrible. Yet these raiders of the deep managed to destroy no less than 18,176,982 tons of shipping, of which 10,000,000 were British. The total number of ships destroyed was nearly 6,000.

Opportunities of Panama.

I AM interested to see that Mr. Hugh Marriott has joined the Board of the Panama Corporation. This company owns vast mineral concessions in one of the richest mineral countries in the world, but the difficulties of climate and communications have so far prevented any really satisfactory development.

After Abyssinia, however, Panama is probably the biggest untapped source of mineral wealth in the world, and the Corporation can congratulate themselves on securing the co-operation of so fearless and

independent an authority as Mr. Marriott, who is a past President of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy and the author of a singularly outspoken book—*Money and Mines*—on mining finance. But before everything he is a practical man; he was out on the Rand in the early days, and can tell stories by the hour about his adventures in the days when the "Rand millionaires" were poor men, and a good many other people even better off than they are to-day.



Mrs. Hugh Dalton, the newly elected Labour M.P. for Bishop Auckland. Her husband is also a Labour M.P. They are the only married couple in the House of Commons. Illness prevented her taking her seat on Monday.

The Bank Rate.

ADMITTEDLY, the determining factor in the rise in the Bank Rate to 5½ per cent.—a higher rate than any since 1921—is the heavy drain upon our gold stocks and the necessity of maintaining the Bank of England's gold holding at £150,000,000. That was the figure at which the Cunliffe Committee recommended it should be retained on the amalgamation of the note issues. Actually the stock is now below that minimum. This, then, is the excuse for burdening the country with dearer money. It serves to emphasise that the incalculable suffering caused by the return to the gold standard has been wasted.

The return to gold caused a catastrophic fall in prices at home (depriving manufacturers of their profits); it led to the disastrous wage disputes of 1925-26 (when manufacturers were trying to reduce wages to a level equivalent to the only prices they could obtain for their goods); and it raised the value of sterling abroad (thus killing our coal trade). We might have been spared those hardships had official policy been less hasty; but the argument for the return to gold was that, despite grave disadvantages, it restored London as the world's money market and would, once the transition was over, do no harm to industry.



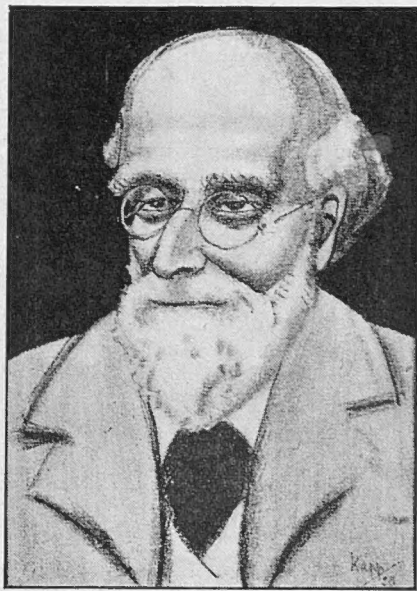
Lord Inverclyde and his bride June, the actress. They are saying good-bye to the chief entertainer at the Chateau Madrid night club in New York.

The new move means that in order to keep our currency stable we have to hamper industry heavily a second time by raising our charge to traders for financial accommodation at a time of grave depression. The Federation of British Industries rightly has declared that the new bank rate is a disastrous blow to British industry. But does any voter care? Of course not. Not one voter in 100,000 knows what the bank rate is.

A Discreditable Scene.

THERE was a very discreditable scene in the House of Commons over Colonel Howard-Bury's question about the refusal of certain South Wales miners to work for the Ocean Colliery Company in Monmouthshire. The angry protests from the Labour Party suggested, and were obviously meant to suggest, that the implication of the Colonel's question was false.

It turns out that not only was the suggestion perfectly accurate but that the Welsh Miners' Federation was actively in touch with the situation. Either, therefore, the Parliamentary Labour Party were culpably ignorant of an important dispute in progress on the Welsh coalfields or their insulting



Sir Hugh Bell, the famous Tees-side iron-master, who celebrated his 85th birthday last Sunday. Sir Hugh is still actively engaged in his business, and attends social and political engagements.

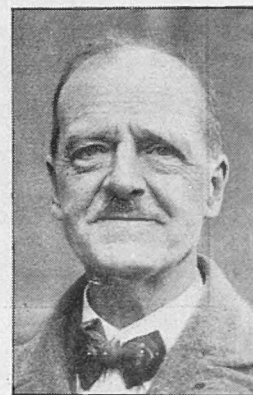
accusations against Colonel Howard-Bury were dishonourably malicious and insincere.

The Party can choose whichever explanation it likes. The country will not care particularly for either. Meanwhile, the Welsh Miners' Association and the Welsh Coalowners had better get the dispute settled.

Mr. Macpecksniff.

MR. MACDONALD'S admirers will regret the tone and substance of his recent letters and speeches. He has had the audacity to charge the Government with the responsibility for the distress in the coal-fields. If Mr. MacDonald fancied that by some mysterious alchemy of which he alone possessed the secret, and which he alone could exercise, he could transmute coal into gold, we should pardon his attitude. But Mr. MacDonald's remedy is merely to guarantee at someone else's expense the wages which the industry cannot afford to pay, and to guarantee, again at someone else's expense, employment for men for whose potential output there is no market. When he takes credit himself for suggesting these foolish, fatal, and dishonourable palliatives, I lose my patience.

Mr. MacDonald is a clever man who knows the world. Twenty-five years ago he was a regular diner-out in London. He is not a hothead swept off his balance, by the distress in the coal fields. He has, indeed, chosen this precise time to abandon his constituency which is not far removed from one of the centres of distress. Mr. MacDonald knows better than to talk this humbug. Mr. Winston Churchill's castigation at Battersea last week was well-deserved.



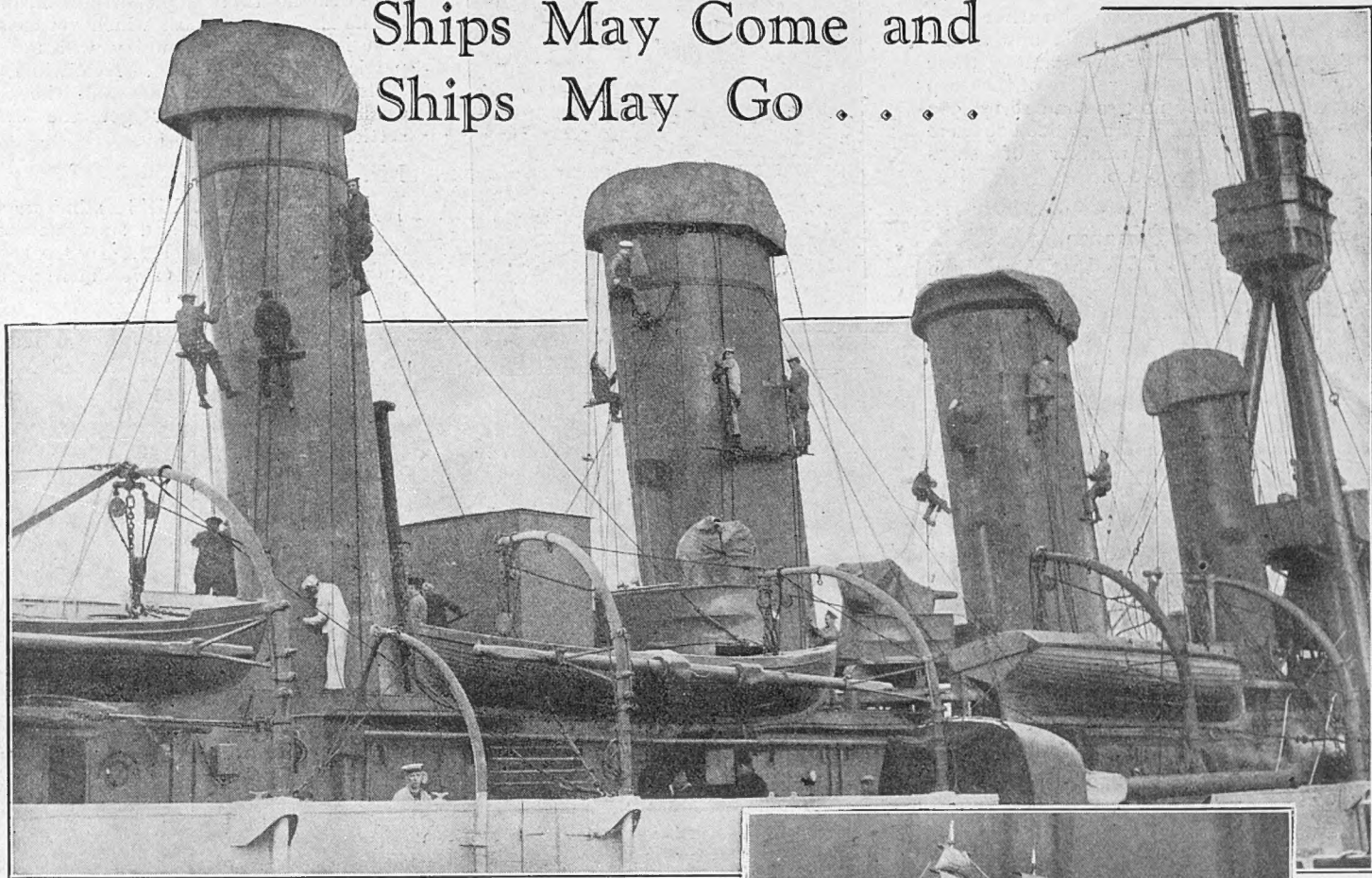
Mr. W. Bennett, M.P., who gained a seat for the Labour Party in the South Battersea by-election. In a three-cornered contest, he obtained a majority of 576.

Finance in Bedlam.

NO ONE who knows Oxford will be surprised that the University finances show a deficit. The University, as opposed to the colleges, is financed largely by examination fees and dues and to keep up its revenues various utterly superfluous examinations are held. The most notorious of these is the famous "Divvers," or Divinity Moderations, in which every undergraduate at the end of the first year has to show an elementary acquaintance with the New Testament; and woe betide him if his knowledge is more than elementary!

A friend of mine was so ill-advised as to quote from Dr. Harnack, the famous German scholar, who was the pioneer of the Higher Criticism. He did not "satisfy the examiners." Still less did the examiners satisfy him. Even less popular was the undergraduate who was being examined on St. Paul's missionary journeys and was asked to say what he knew about Derbe and Lystra; he replied that they were the Darby and Joan of the East. But failure to pass this wonderful examination costs the patient a fine, which goes to his college, and a new entrance fee, which goes to the university. So everybody is quite satisfied.

Ships May Come and Ships May Go

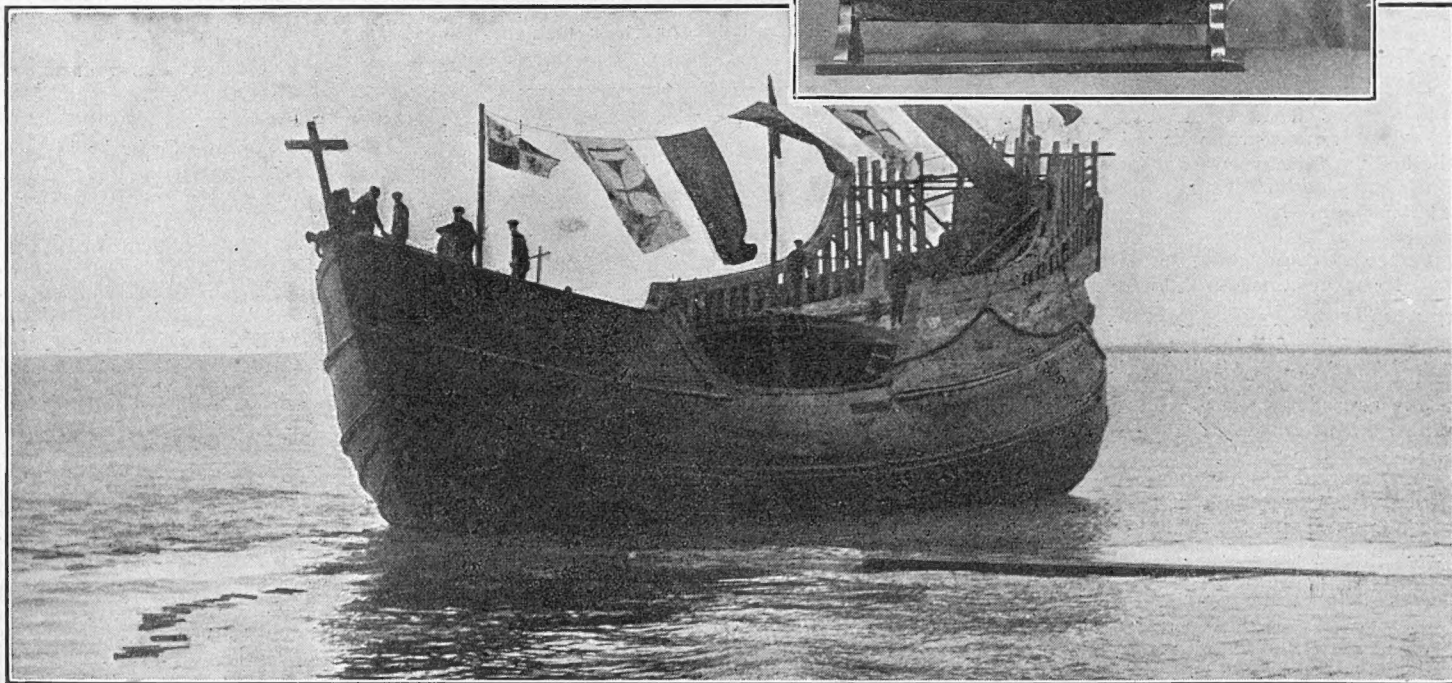
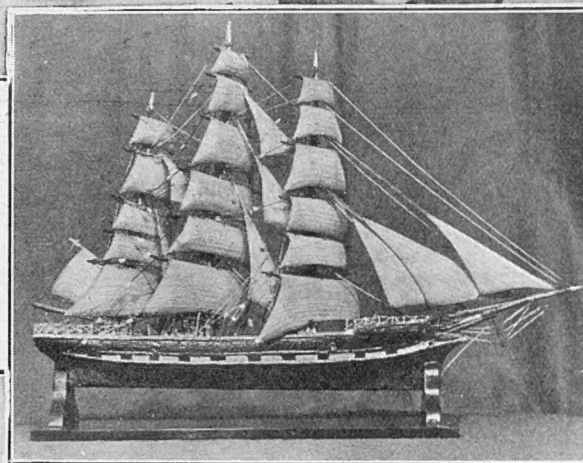


"Chippies," the nickname given to sailors who chip the paintwork off ships prior to repainting, engaged in reconditioning H.M.S. "Trafalgar" at Portsmouth.

AS an island race, bred and brought up in an atmosphere of the sea, our interest must always be centred in ships.

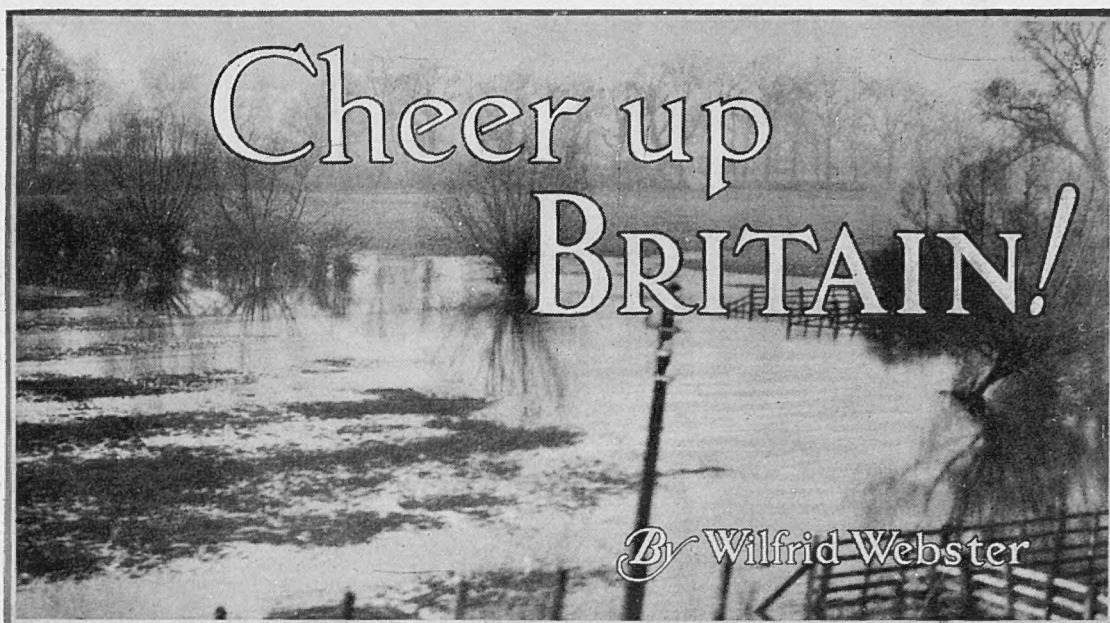
Models of ships of all ages may be seen by any Londoner who cares to make a pilgrimage to Charing

Cross, where the "Friend Ship," an example of "that sea beauty man has ceased to build," is at present moored on the Thames. This is where, by means of models, the evolution of the ship may be studied.



The small picture above shows one of the finest models of H.M.S. "Trafalgar" in existence. It was made by a sailor who served in the original ship and is perfect in every detail. The sails and rigging are carved from wood.

An exact reproduction of the "Santa Maria," the vessel in which Christopher Columbus discovered America, was launched at Cadiz the other day. She is to be anchored at Seville at the Ibero-American Exhibition.



The outlook for the Empire is not so gloomy as many people imagine. We have the finest mercantile marine and a supreme Navy, while the resources of our Empire are immeasurable.

Cheer up BRITAIN!

By Wilfrid Webster

WE are always being told to wake up and to pay up. It might pay us to cheer up, and to gaze for a while on figures other than those of the National Debt, last month's bills, or our income tax. Cast away that gloomy daily paper, fill your pipe and get out an atlas.

Open it at the map of the world and observe the portions coloured red. You remember the mighty empire of the Cæsars, the glory that was Rome, and St. Paul's pride in being a citizen thereof? We British, every one of us, are heirs to a far more glorious heritage. We belong to an Empire beside whose fame that of Rome sinks to a shadow.

BRITISH CONTROL AND RESPONSIBILITY.

WE control more than a fourth of the world's land area and a quarter—460 million—of its 1,852,000,000 inhabitants. 300,000 of our people rule 333,373,000 natives in India, Ceylon, British North Borneo, British Malaya, Palestine, Iraq and elsewhere in Asia—an area of over two million square miles. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!

Sixty million natives are controlled by 706,000 British in Africa in an area of 3,820,000 square miles. Five millions in Canada and over six in Australia occupy another 7,278,000 square miles of the world's surface.

All round the world you will find smart young men in khaki guarding the possessions of the Union Jack—your possessions! Their predecessors have fought for that flag in Europe, America, Canada, India, in the Sudan, at the Cape, in the West Indies, the East Indies, China, Burma, Afghanistan, Tibet—where have they not fought?

Turn to the page in the atlas showing the flags of the world. See that red one with the Jack in the corner? That's the old Red Duster. You will find it flying aboard freighters in every port in the world. Ours, the greatest mercantile marine the world has ever known, carries more than a billion yards of cotton cloth and more than twelve million pounds worth of machinery annually to India, from which country British shareholders, creditors and officials draw some 30 million pounds a year.

THE country is "under the weather," and so is everyone else if one believes what the pessimistic croakers have to say . . . but why should our spirits be damped when we are possessors of the greatest heritage in history. . .

OUR NAVAL MIGHT.

NAPOLÉON planned to conquer India from Egypt; but Nelson's victory in Aboukir Bay cut off his reinforcements from France, and the British land forces in Acre stopped his march north to Damascus. With a prophetic eye to Europe's future trade with the mighty East, the Man of Destiny had already projected the cutting of a canal through the isthmus of Suez. In 1875 Disraeli bought for Britain the controlling interest in that canal. Four million pounds was the amount paid, and now more than 25 million tons of shipping pass through annually. No wonder we guard Egypt!

To safeguard the world-wide activities of our merchant ships we have a supreme Navy, the largest in the world, incomparable in training and equipment, strengthened by the prestige of centuries.

At Singapore, which we bought from the Sultan Johore in 1824, is the main defence to our far Eastern possessions and to White Australia. There is the largest floating dry dock in existence; it cost twelve million pounds and contains 20,000 tons of steel, weighing 50,000 tons. Mounted at Singapore are three eighteen-inch guns, each weighing 150 tons, and firing projectiles which weigh 3,333 pounds.

ROOSEVELT'S ADMISSION.

DESPITE all and sundry assurances to the contrary, Britain led the nations to victory over the greatest menace to the world's peace since Napoleon. The British kept Napoleon off the seas, financed the weaker Allies, and beat the Emperor on land. History repeated itself. Theodore Roosevelt said, "The United States did not render as much service as the principal Allies; the British Navy and the British, French and Italian armies did most to bring about the downfall of Germany, thus assuring the safety of the United States."

According to the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, Britain contributed to the war £104.97 per capita, or 34.49 per

cent. of her national wealth, as against £56.04, or 19.36 per cent. from France, and £35.38, or 8.69 per cent. from the United States! France lost 2.31 per cent. of her population fighting, Britain 1.44 per cent., whilst America's late entry kept her sacrifice down to .05 per cent.

Despite these enormous sacrifices and severe trade depression inevitably following so terrible a war, despite heartrending waste caused by insane strikes and vicious labour disputes, Britain shoulders a staggering war debt and maintains her credit at a par. This small island produces annually 275 million metric tons of coal, 7½ million of iron and 8¼ of steel; from this, the centre of the Empire, we operate twenty million tons of shipping.

Speaking in Vancouver last year, Mr. Amery pointed out that the undeveloped resources of the Empire are four times those of the United States. Western Canada stands an untapped gold mine, waiting for men to work it. Uganda, Nigeria, and the Sudan will yield vast quantities of raw cotton.

THE LEAGUE OF BRITISH NATIONS.

THE Empire now consists of a great federation of young and virile nations, for all practical purposes independent, and yet united by loyalty to the Crown.

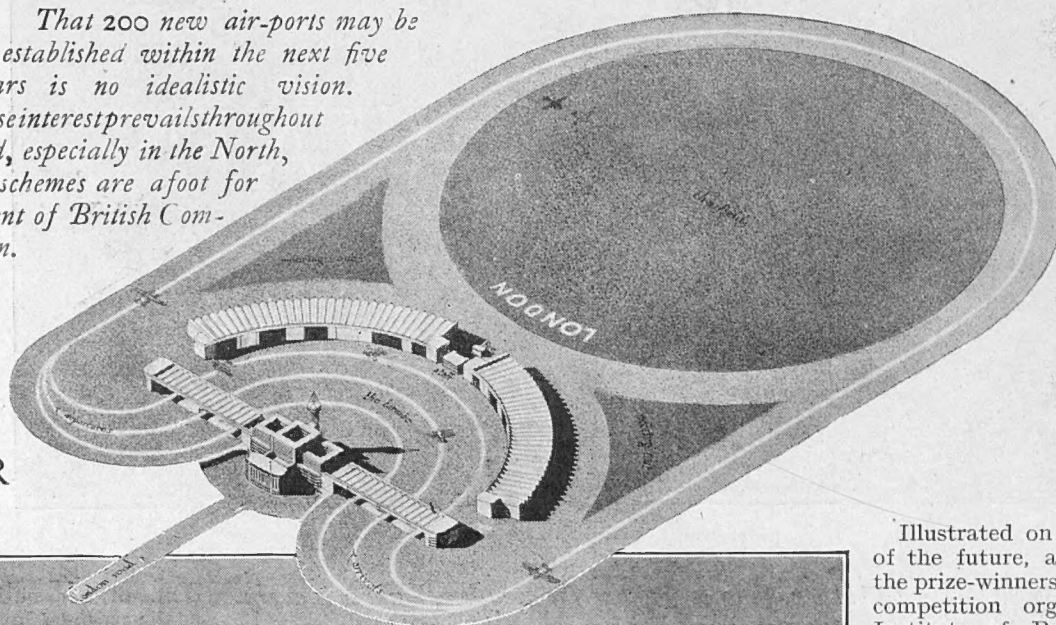
Hearing them talk of the Old Country, you would be awed by the privilege and responsibility that are yours, just to live in England. Their hearts often ache for England, her little ordered fields and pleasant places, her dignity and warm antiquity. "How are things at home?" they ask. "They're surely not still quarrelling over labour troubles, cutting each other's throats?" They wait for the next mail anxiously.

Surely not! Let us pull together for the good of our common heritage, this mighty League of British Nations which still dominates the European balance, the Near and Middle East, almost all Africa, the North Atlantic and all the Pacific south of the Equator. The geography lesson is ended. Pour out a bumper of honest English ale—no bootleg poison for us, thank you! Thank God for the British Navy and drink to His Majesty the King!

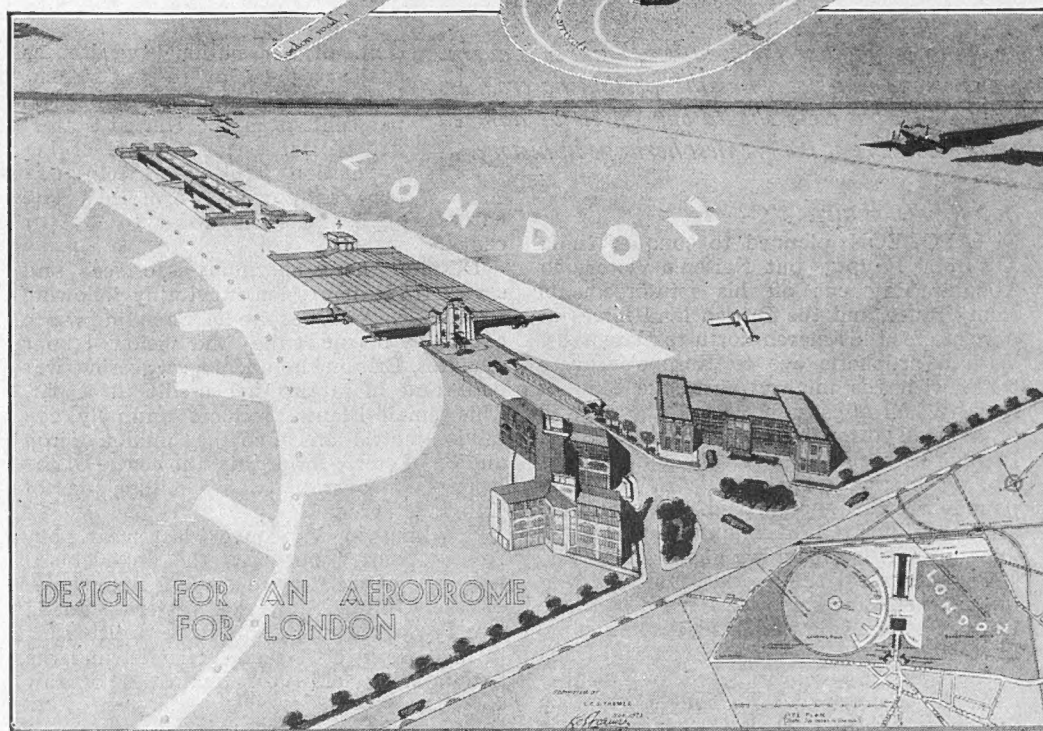
AIR-PORTS of the FUTURE

That 200 new air-ports may be established within the next five years is no idealistic vision. Intense interest prevails throughout England, especially in the North, and many schemes are afoot for the development of British Commercial Aviation.

By
E. M.
ROSSITER



ARCHITECTURE FOR AIRPORTS.—The design of Mr. D. H. McMorran, who shared with Mr. M. Harland Thomas the first prize in the aerodrome design competition conducted by the R.I.B.A. One of the requirements was that passengers should be able to embark and disembark under cover. In Mr. McMorran's plan, the aircraft take up and set down passengers in the building shown in the foreground.



Buildings placed along a central line dividing the landing ground into separate arrival and departure areas is the feature of Mr. Farmer's design, which won second prize in the R.I.B.A. competition.

Illustrated on this page is an airport of the future, as visualised by one of the prize-winners in the aerodrome design competition organised by the Royal Institute of British Architects. The designers were asked to plan an air station for London to meet the probable requirements of 1943. But, so rapidly has aviation advanced even since the competition was conceived, that these requirements may be with us in 1933!

EVERY TOWN AN AIRPORT.

At the present moment, nearly fifty towns are actively studying the ways and means of providing a municipal airport or landing ground, and many others are making preliminary investigations. According to an authoritative estimate, based on the present civic interest and the demand that is arising for landing facilities, there will be upwards of two hundred municipally-owned airports and landing grounds in operation five years from now.

When flying becomes really universal every town and village which is important enough to have a railway station will require an air station. On the basis of every town with more than 20,000 inhabitants providing such a station, over 400 will have to be built in England and Wales alone during the next decade at least. A new profession of airport engineers is arising and has at least one practitioner. In America, where 700 aerodromes have been laid out, the profession is already strongly established and has its own monthly magazine!

THE AIR-MINDED NORTH.

The municipal enthusiasm for aviation that is now manifest, particularly in the North, springs from the conviction of go-ahead towns that they need faster communications and their desire to keep in the forefront of commercial and social development.

Among the towns which at present are displaying the greatest keenness are Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Hull, Cardiff and Belfast. These promise to be the "big six" of British flying. "Air transport will enable business men to have their offices in Sheffield and live in Scarborough," says Sir William Hart, the Town Clerk of Sheffield. Every Sheffield man will support that. Sheffield is anxious to be included in the trunk airway system of to-morrow. If a proper

FOR the moment, apart from the interminable circling of club pupils learning to use their wings, no flying is going on. The morning "Trans-European" express is droning along on its 120 m.p.h. run to the Continent and is probably now passing the incoming London mail. The Scottish-American party in "special charters" have been got away without fuss on their air tour to the Trossachs.

The "get-me-there-at-any-price" Australian, who missed the regular 10 o'clock inter-city connection, is now on his way to Bedford by the fastest air taxi on the station, and is now safe to catch the Far East airship before she casts off from her mooring tower. "If only we can get more accommodation, this airport is made," is the Superintendent's thought. Every one of the long line of hangars is occupied and every night sees an hour of careful jig-saw puzzling before the big doors can be rolled into place.

A visionary picture? Not at all. In point

of fact, this is probably a weak and inadequate forecast of what may be happening at dozens of British airports in a few years' time.

PLANS FOR AIRPORTS.

THROUGHOUT the country, from Brighton to Kilmarnock, proposals are under consideration for the building of municipal aerodromes. A movement has begun which, in a very few years, should remove the reproach that we are lagging behind other powers in the development of civil flying. It may, indeed, put us in a leading place if the municipalities act quickly enough. For it is now becoming evident that the drawbacks to flying peculiar to this country—the small distances and the uncertain climate—can be to a great extent counteracted by a large number of conveniently placed flying grounds. And the time is coming into sight when organised landing places will be numbered not in a few dozens but in many hundreds.

airport is provided now, it is seen, Sheffield will be able to claim the right to be one of the principal ports of call on an air route crossing England from Hull to Manchester.

This route forms a section of a probable international airway of the near future which would start on the Continent, possibly at Hamburg, cross the North Sea to Hull, and traverse England and Ireland from East to West. Eventually it might be extended across the Atlantic to the American Continent. Thus, the main airway from Europe to America would cross industrial England.

A NORTH SEA SERVICE

HULL is keenly interested in the possibilities of the air connection across the North Sea. A scheme for a North European air service has been submitted to the Hull Chamber of Commerce and Shipping and warmly supported on commercial grounds. It is no secret that Germany, working



An American design for the most economical lay-out of concrete run-ways. The wheel-loading of large transport aircraft is approaching the limit that can be carried by a grass-covered surface, and concrete runways are becoming essential for soft aerodromes if traffic is not to be interrupted in wet weather.



Croydon Aerodrome—Britain's only modern airport. The latest air photograph. Fifty arrivals and departures a day were recorded last summer.

through the Deutsche Lufthansa, would co-operate at once with any scheme of this kind, and would in fact carry it on her own shoulders if permitted to do so.

But this project, like others for new British air lines, has been brought to an abrupt halt. At a meeting of the Hull Chamber held to consider the scheme, Sir Sefton Brancker was obliged to pour cold water on the proceedings by reminding the meeting that a monopoly of Government financial assistance to British European air transport has been given to Imperial Airways, Ltd. He could only suggest that Imperial Airways, Ltd., might divert some of their flying from the cross-Channel air lines to a route starting from Hull.

THE FLYER'S GARAGE

MUNICIPAL interest in aerodrome construction is not confined to industrial towns. Holiday towns like Blackpool, Scarborough and Bognor, and residential towns like Maidstone, Basingstoke and Bournemouth are among the many which see the new attraction to visitors and residents which an aerodrome will provide. For obviously

the aerodrome is the garage of the people who fly, and their choice of a home or of a holiday resort will be guided by this consideration. "One mile from the aero-

National Flying Services, whose scheme for a national flying system I described in BRITANNIA last December. Towns in practically every county have already opened up correspondence with the company with a view to being included in its initial programme of 23 air parks and 100 landing grounds. No house in England will be

further than 15 miles from an Air station when this organisation is complete.

The company's project for a really efficient and widespread air taxi organisation, combined with widespread facilities for tuition and club flying, and also with the equipment and management of municipal aerodromes, has undisputable advantages for a town which is anxious to see flying firmly planted in its own airport at a small cost.



Berlin's famous Airport, formerly the Tempelhof parade ground, six minutes by car from the heart of the city. Berlin set a wonderful example of foresight by reserving this land as a municipal aerodrome instead of exploiting its enormous value for building purposes.

drome" in an estate agent's list will not be so exceptional in a year or so's time as it is to-day.

NATIONAL FLYING SERVICES.

SINCE the main concern of the towns which propose to establish aerodromes is to see active flying started immediately, keen interest has been aroused by the plans of

of the ground. Major R. H. S. Mealing, who conducts this branch of the Air Ministry's work, has already reported upon some thirty areas. The towns are being advised to reserve suitable land without delay as an essential step to prevent it from being built over and its usefulness for aviation lost. Power to reserve the land is held under the Town Planning Acts.

RESERVING THE LAND.

MANY towns have already selected sites and applied to the Air Ministry for technical advice and inspection

Britannia's Pulpit.



The Rev. R. W. Webb, B.D., Vicar of Alvaston, Derbyshire.

The Christian Church of the Future

By
The Rev. R. W. WEBB, B.D.

THERE is to-day a yearning towards the ideal, the desire to make things better. Those responsible for the great upheaval of Socialism, right from the time of the French Revolution, have done their best to bring about a better state of things; they have tried to solve the problem, but they have failed. Their tactics oftentimes have been wild and impracticable, and their failure is due to the fact that they have refused to recognise that great Power that stands behind, and rules the universe.

SEEKING ONE BROTHERHOOD.

BUT the great upheaval of the twentieth century has begun; the Socialist of yesterday is not the Socialist of to-day. The Socialist of to-day has been brought in touch with, and is longing to see carried out, the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. There is one brotherhood that was founded by our Lord, and is the brotherhood men are seeking to-day. And, according to Longfellow, the universal Church is to be as lofty as the love of God, and wide as are the wants of men.

Ah! this is the true note—"The wants of men." That, of course, is the measure of the work and scope of the Church. But has this not very largely fallen into the background, and is it not now being recovered by some of our Anglican bishops, who have put themselves in touch with this great need of man, and have come to this conclusion, that if the Church is true to its motherhood, the recognition of the existence of any want in the locality in which it is placed will be equivalent to a call to supply it?

The felt want must be a trumpet call to the Church to minister to the needs of those who dwell within its shade. Is not the whole of human life, in all its limitless potentialities, its province? Mankind has to be remade in the image of God.

TIMES OF TRANSITION.

THE old Church which, in mediæval times, spread its tentacles over Europe, was ever on the look out for ability that it could utilise. The chances for the Church were never brighter than they are to-day.

and the needs of men more pressing. I have before me as I write that familiar passage in the New Testament of the woman in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, He is risen!" Is this not the case in many of our parishes?

The true centre of spiritual activity is no mere place for spiritual execrations—a spiritual dissipation of anthems and chants, and reverential self-indulgence. It is a place of refreshing from on high; no doubt it is a place of communing with the ideal, but its great function is that of a generator and director of spiritual power. Just as a dynamo-machine in an engine-room will make a whole street radiant with beautiful light, so the true, active Church generates within its walls the potent influences which, transmitted outside, will illuminate the whole locality.

And, in the times of transition in which we live, there is a great need for that spiritual activity. The Church of the future must be the Church of Christ.

There is not, and can never be, any ideal Church, outside Christ. He is the Church, and the mission of that Church is not to preach politics, but to interpret the love of God to a world which is so miserable that it forgets to love. Where love is, God is, and the ideal Church is that which best makes one feel that God is love and that God is everywhere.

MEN WANT TRUTH.

THERE is a hungering and thirsting after righteousness to-day, and the ideal Church will be the Church of Christ, and the Church of humanity. The hungerers and thirsters after righteousness must be stimulated; they must be guided into fruitful channels of enthusiasm.

The cries of humanity must be answered; they must meet with a ready response. And just as the mother rocks her dimpled darlings, in hope that one day they may be a blessing to her, and useful members of society, so the Church must open her arms and bring in the outcast and downtrodden humanity. Her love and compassion must be felt. Let us get back and begin where Christ

started with the ordinary working man; and whether he is a thief or an agnostic, or a woman a harlot, let the Church teach them, and make them feel that they are our brothers and sisters.

What men want is the truth, and it is for the Church to make known that truth. A man may be an agnostic, but he may also be sincere, and room must be made for him in the Church. Thomas of Didymus was an agnostic, but he was thought just as much of as the other Apostles; they did not spurn him. The reason he doubted was because he had not been brought in touch

with Christ, they must draw aside the veil and show them the living Christ. We do not all believe alike. There are, I doubt not, men in the Church to-day who do not believe in all its articles; but they are showing by their lives that they belong to God; they are Christ-like men, not labouring for filthy lucre, but for the good of humanity and their Church.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

I BELIEVE the Church is waking up to the fact. Whatever may be the opinions of those who are averse to the views of the great motherhood of the race, viz., the Christian Church, I believe that Church will be the one in which will be gathered all thinking men and women. The old order is changing, giving place to new, and God is fulfilling Himself in many ways. Conventionalism will fall, because the blows of the rising democracy will strike out against it; and its place will be filled with earnest, energetic and Christ-like men, and the Christian Church of the future will rise and grow until it touches the Heavens themselves.

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

THE march of civilisation has been achieved by two things—obedience and duty. They are the primal qualities; they uplift the man and also the nation. They make history and they are history—the history of national character—and they have been built up on Bible truths. It is this lofty ideal of a universal brotherhood which constitutes a Christian. The improvements of the social organism can only be effected by a moral development, the basis of which must be the Bible. But things are changing, humanity moves apace not only in matters of beneficence, but in its powers and appetites for evil as well as good.

For years past we have been doing our best to educate the people, and just as they have gained intelligence, so their wants have increased. There is a longing for a harmony between the thought within and the things without. Inequalities among men, conditional differences, poverty and suffering, are things which must be remedied. And the one thought in the minds of the rising democracy to-day is a dream—a hope, a looking forward to a better day. Let us have the original Christ.

I believe that the result of criticism and critical scrutiny has been the means of bringing out from the background the Person of the living Christ in a clearer way than ever. His Life is being brought much closer to the hearts and lives of the people than ever before.

One of the greatest stumbling blocks to Christianity to-day is that which represents "saving one's own soul," and forgetting Christ's great principle and example of living for others. They lose sight so often of those words which Russell Lowell's mind so often found refuge in: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks to Christianity to-day is that which represents "saving one's own soul," and forgetting Christ's great principle and example of living for others.



Mr. W. L. Hichens.
(Author of this Article.)

Peace in Industry

It is fatal for Capital and Labour to prepare for trouble. Industrial peace can only be obtained by sowing the seed of co-operation.

By W. L. HICHENS

(Chairman of Cammet, Laird & Co.)

WE have to think what we mean by peace, because most of us are rather apt to talk glibly about peace in industry without analysing what we mean by that phrase. Is the kind of peace we want the consolidation of our own position by force? Do we mean the kind of peace enforced by might, based on the theory that might is right? Or is it a peace which is based on justice, truth and loving kindness, the conditions of which would be freely accepted by everybody and cheerfully adhered to?

TWO HOSTILE CAMPS.

JUDGED by our actions, I am not sure that we are pursuing that particular kind of peace. We may want it when talking about it on Sundays, but what are we doing during the week to ensure such a peace? Are we quite sure that we are not following the wrong road?

We have divided ourselves into two hostile camps—Labour and Capital. We think in terms of our own organisations, seldom otherwise. We adopt the nomenclature of war. We both of us talk as if we were organising ourselves for an ultimate fight.

That is not a very peaceable proceeding. Each party works out its own programme to suit and further its own interests. Each party probably reads its own newspapers, thinks its own thoughts and probably does not worry about what the other fellow is thinking, except in order to find some argument to catch him out.

That is quite inevitably the way to war, ultimately. There is a Latin tag which is very often quoted: "If you want peace prepare for war." Now, that is true only if you want to impose your will on someone else, because then you must be strong enough to do it; but it is not real peace. If we are to organise ourselves for war, quite inevitably there will be war. That is true nationally and internationally as well as in the industrial sphere. The real truth is that if you want a true peace, you must organise yourself for peace and not for war.

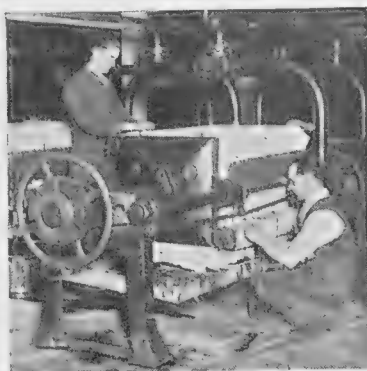
I do not mean that those rival organisations, the trade unions and the employers' organisations, should be dissolved and abolished. I recognise that the trade unions have done services of

very great value to this country, because they have taught us a very great deal about the problems of industry and have done much to raise the standard of labour in this country. I do not want to abolish them at all, but I urge that the rival organisations should not be considered as opposing armies but as two battalions of one great army fighting under one common banner, to promote the material welfare of humanity.

That is the real object of industry in this country, and in the world over. That is something which, all united, we can seek to further, which does not involve hostile camps.

SOW THE GOOD SEED.

A NEW spirit is abroad, growing up in industrial relations. I do not say that it is apparent everywhere, I do not say that it is easy to trace in all places, but I do say that it is working quietly and silently. I feel it can work best in the earlier stages in quiet and informal gatherings of employers and employed, such as I hope are likely to start. *The seed must be sown and grow slowly, and co-operation*



A ton of artificial silk a day. The silk is made from wood pulp and practically the whole process is done by machinery.

tion on a small scale at first may expand until it covers the earth, with great results.

There must be continuity and consistency in our lives. We cannot talk out each other as brothers on Sundays and treat each other as machines during the week without being hypocrites.

Business must be regarded primarily as a public servant to the community, not something into which we enter in order to become rich as quickly as we can. It is not something in which we give as little as we can



Mass production of railway wagons at the L.M.S. works at Derby. Making tenon and mortice joints by the hundred.



High tea! A workman enjoys himself on a perilous perch.

and take as much as we can. It is a duty which we owe to the community by virtue of our membership.

The more highly civilised a community becomes, the more important and paramount the duty of service on the part of every member.

In reading history, we see that great Empires have suddenly sprung into existence. Upon what? Patriotism . . . which is the spirit of self-sacrifice and of service to the community.

NO CA' CANNY.

IT is for us to consider what we shall do. If we choose that this highly organised community of Great Britain is to be continued, it can only be because we realise that our business is a form of public service which we owe to the community, to whom we have to give our best and give cheerfully.

It involves no restriction of output, no ca' canny. I know that employers restrict as well as workers. That is wrong. *There must be no attempt to give as little and to take as much as possible. There must be no idle rich, living upon their dividends, and quite happy to do so. They are not carrying out their duty to the community.*

TIN GODS in Cotton Wool

With a General Election in the offing, the Conservative Party does not realise how D.O.R.A. is nauseating to the bulk of its followers.



"... Dora has led to the corruption of a portion of the Police Force."

The Defence of the Realm Act—otherwise D. O. R. A.—was imposed as a necessary war-time measure. It is extinct in name only, for we still suffer from its pernicious provisions under other Acts of Parliament. D.O.R.A. is an old woman with many grandchildren.

By

Comyns Beaumont

I FRANKLY confess that for a considerable time past I have become less and less enamoured of the Conservative Party of which I have been a supporter all my life. Its lack of firmness where it should be strong, as in the case of Safeguarding. Its palsied attitude on Imperial questions where it gropes without any conception of true Imperialism, but is imbued with a sickly sentimentality towards backward races, like the natives of Kenya, who will never be forward. Its obstinacy and lack of courage on matters like the reform of the Lords whilst extending the electorate to unwieldy proportions. Its now notorious lack of leadership amongst its leaders. Its all too-frequent temporising with pernicious forms of Socialism.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell," and the only reason why I suppose I shall vote Tory at the next election is because I dislike the Labour Party even more and fear their advent to power. I shall be governed not by enthusiasm but by grades of distrust.

WOMEN'S ODD LOGIC.

IF there are many others who remain Conservative *faute de mieux* it conjures up a dangerous situation, for it requires little to induce many to cross the Rubicon among the over-swollen electorate and to vote either Labour or Liberal out of sheer pique and irritation. In such ways do majorities fade into oblivion. Almost always Governments defeat themselves by their ineptitude.

In this situation there looms, vast and threatening, the sinister figure of D.O.R.A., of which Sir William Joynson-Hicks has had the recent temerity to assert "actually very little is left now." D.O.R.A. (or her monstrous progeny) is very much alive and with us, and when we come to consider her intolerable interference with popular liberties at the time that millions of young women can exert the popular franchise it is highly likely that D.O.R.A. may prove the last straw.

It will be of little avail to argue that the Labour Party will cherish D.O.R.A. and hug her to their hearts with even greater zest than "Jix" and his friends. Women,

far more than men, are impatient of petty interference with their wants, and they are logical too in an odd way. They will say that a Government of old women which has forbidden the sale of a packet of needles or a cake of soap after 8 p.m. is beneath contempt, and they will be disposed to give the (as yet) non-offenders the benefit of the doubt.

I do not suppose the Central Unionist Office realise this, but then they never realise anything, and I fear there is not the least likelihood of the Conservative Party comprehending that the cant and hypocrisy of D.O.R.A. is nauseating to the bulk of their own followers.

WHAT THE LAW FORGETS

IN using the term D.O.R.A. I am generalising. The public have no use for the sophistries of a "Jix" who pretends that very little is left of D.O.R.A. when a milkman almost a day before had been fined for selling a little milk after 8 p.m. They have little patience for a new Bill now passing through the Commons—which the Lords would do well to reject with contumely—whereby a working man must not get a shave on a Sunday.

HOW D.O.R.A. OPERATES.

The truth is that, by one dodge after another, the people's liberties have been filched from them. Mr. Lloyd George began the baiting, but the Conservative Government connived at it and have extended what was properly a war measure. The electors have had little say on the subject so far, but it is certain to play a prominent part in the General Election especially in certain constituencies.

D.O.R.A. operates broadly along two definite channels. One is the introduction of various restrictions upon the sale of commodities under the various Shop Hours Acts. The other is the effort to suppress certain habits or customs—pernicious vices



"Jix," who has stated that there is actually very little left of D.O.R.A. now. Others have different opinions.

in the eyes of some—such as imbibing alcoholic refreshments outside of arbitrary hours, whilst also it is indirectly related to the effort to render betting and gambling illegal.

The wealthy can gamble to their heart's content in their clubs or on the course, but many a worthy clergyman running a lottery for a charity has been petrified by fear of a prosecution. The two sets of principles have nothing in common other than their stupidity, illogicality, and discrimination.

The underlying idea of compulsorily closing shops at a specified hour every night and for one afternoon per week is ostensibly to permit shop assistants to get away. This law leaves out of account at least two factors. One is that shops exist for the public convenience and to serve the public needs, and not the public for the shops. The public have a right to be considered



"The wealthy can gamble to their heart's content in their clubs."

even if only one shop of each kind were kept open later, in turn, to supply needs.

It is a law which may suit the great stores, but handicaps the little tradesman, who relies on his industry and is willing to work for longer hours. D.O.R.A. there is oppressive and discriminating. A small shop-keeper who sells tobacco at one counter and sweets at another may be fined up to £20 if he supplies tobacco or cigarettes after 8 p.m., but may sell sweets up to 9.30 p.m. It will never be believed, even by any Englishman, that it is criminal to buy or sell an ounce of tobacco or cigarettes after 8 p.m., and, if there is any question about it, all he has to do is to resort to the nearest licensed premises where he can purchase his needs (and drinks) up to 10 or 11 p.m. Such a law is an insult to the intelligence of the public.

A WIFE, whose husband comes home wet or cold, may not buy a tin of soup or a bottle of Bovril from the ready-cooked meat shop, but she may ruin his digestion with cold pork and potato salad. A news-agent who sells a newspaper after 8 p.m. in his shop may be put in the dock, and if someone has an accident and urgently requires brandy to revive him it is not obtainable unless it occurs in the licensing hours.

You may only purchase grapes after 8 p.m. if they are to be eaten on a train. A little dressmaker who has to deliver a dress and has run out of cotton or silk can by no means persuade the little draper to supply her with her needs if the hour has struck 8 p.m., or if it is early closing day. These are but a few anomalies of many.

£5 FOR 2d.

ONLY a few days ago a small tradesman in the Paddington district was fined £5 for selling two pennyworth of coughdrops after 9.30 p.m. His plea that he thought they were bought for medicinal purposes may not have been a sound one, but there is nothing in the laws of common sense or public morals to prevent a sweetmeat seller from giving a customer two pennyworth of coughdrops at any hour.

The object behind this piece of repressive tyranny to crush all individual effort is to make the little storekeepers toe the line with the great multiple shops and capitalistic concerns who employ an army of assistants. I have no quarrel with capitalism—far from it—but do not believe that the small capitalist should be squeezed out and individualism be suppressed by legal enactments for the benefit of the great concerns. It is a case of Naboth's Vineyard over again.

In Liverpool, just recently, a kind-hearted Samaritan keeping a little general store was fined for having given over at night-time to a customer a bundle of firewood paid for earlier in the day but not called for. The stipendiary said that the vendor should have sent the firewood home, as though small shops can afford to pay messengers to carry home a penn'orth of wood!



"... further drinks before the ban falls or bar closes..."

Here, again, is another instance of definite oppression of the small shopkeepers and working class households for the benefit of the aristocrats in the business of salesmanship.

The object of all this is of course to protect the shop assistant who is employed by the big stores or the multiple-shop proprietors. Why should shop assistants obtain a law for the restriction of trade? They should form a trade union strong enough to regulate their hours and conditions without invoking Parliamentary aid and demanding the head of the little one-man tradesman on a charger.

Why should the little tobacconist, eking out a living, be penalised for the benefit of the big combine? Why is the little

draper crippled from gleaning a lean harvest in after hours by the multiple stores of this world? Why should the public be treated with contempt for similar reasons? And all this for the benefit of shop assistants or politicians, who rely on their votes! In the law of the survival of the fittest if these shop workers cannot protect themselves they deserve all they get.

WHY NOT MUTUAL AGREEMENT?

IT is really amazing that the shop assistants, who are actually the servants of the public, should attempt to dictate to their own patrons when they may or may not spend their money in their various stores. Nowhere else but in England would such impertinence be tolerated, for in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and elsewhere it is left to the initiative of the individual storekeeper to decide when he will close his doors.

The big shops in Paris may close early and come to a mutual agreement, because they conduct large businesses and can afford to make such rules, but there would be a murderous riot if they attempted to force the same rules upon the more humble and less pretentious establishments who pick up the trade at odd hours which the big houses ignore.

Why, too, should every customer have rigid hours pressed upon him? It is not everyone who can leave his work at all times to purchase his requirements. The visitor from the country or from abroad often needs something on arrival after closing hours, but the trading community gives no thought to this.

The early closing law was run through almost surreptitiously, and the more it is examined the more indefensible it becomes. The shop hours law shows quite clearly that the purchasing public are deemed to exist for the convenience of the tradesman.

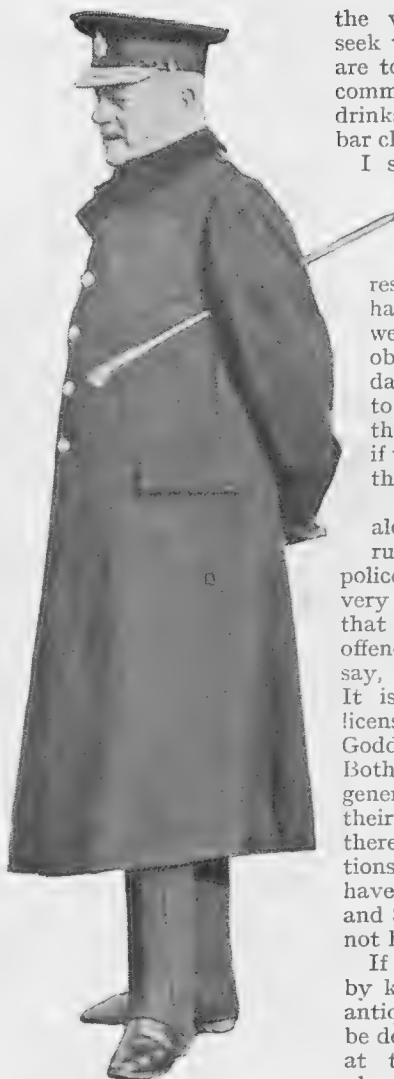
THE CURFEW OF TODAY.

THAT is one aspect of D.O.R.A. up to date. The other is some weird idea inspired by parish-pump politicians that everyone should be tucked up in his or her bed soon after midnight. Why should an alcoholic drink be a sin after 11 p.m. or midnight if taken with supper?

This particular aspect of D.O.R.A. is evaded by most people because it is ridiculous and a sensible Conservative Government would have repealed it on several grounds, or at all events have honoured it in the breach rather than the observance. Not so Sir William Joynson-Hicks. To him, as a lawyer, all laws are sacrosanct, and cartoonists like Low or Strube have ridiculed him, and through him the Government which stands to-day in the eyes of many as a family of Stiggins.

BURY VICTORIAN CANT.

A PART from the variety of closing hours at different places and even on two sides of the same street, these laws aggravate



Baron Byng of Vimy, who as Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police is engaged in reorganising the police force.

the very alleged evil they seek to remove. When you are told it is nearly "time" commonly you order further drinks before the ban falls or bar closes.

I say unrepentantly that D.O.R.A. has caused me to order drinks time and again for which without such restrictions I should never have asked. As for the wealthy if they cannot obtain champagne at a dance club there is nothing to stop them emptying their cellars at their home if they choose. Once again the poor are the sufferers.

D.O.R.A., and D.O.R.A. alone, has led to the corruption of a portion of the police force. The police are very human, and they know that a drink after hours is no offence against mankind like, say, robbery with violence. It is only our hypocritical licensing law that produces Goddards and Mrs. Meyricks. Both took advantage of the general contempt of a law in their different ways, but had there been sensible regulations Mrs. Meyrick would not have needed to evade them, and Sergeant Goddard would not have had to be bribed.

If the world capital is ruled by kindergarten methods its antiquated petty tyranny will be defied, as it is being defied at this moment in many places. I make no plea for intemperance. The "drunk" case could be easily met by making it as such an indictable offence. Punish the intemperate, but do not penalise the nation.

THE PRICE OF PROVINCIALISM

FOR ages our hypocrisy in regard to gaming and betting has made us a by-word among the nations.

Lord Byng, now operating in Scotland Yard, preens himself upon the manner in which his Force have closed down bogus night-clubs and have almost stamped out illegal betting and gambling.

Simultaneously with this, Cannes, Nice, and Beaulieu, in the French Riviera, have just opened sumptuous new casinos which are attracting visitors from all over the world.

The Riviera has never been packed so much as it is this year. Let me ask the question: Is all this immoral?

Are the statesmen, writers, artists, financiers and sportsmen who enter any of this new galaxy of gambling saloons lost to all sense of propriety and decency?

I PLEAD earnestly for a new spirit in regard to these D.O.R.A. interferences with our much-vaunted liberty. It is such a simple proposition if only Sir William Joynson-Hicks and his coadjutors would understand it. It only requires rationalism in the treatment of the average adult. Unless "Jix-ism" is kept sternly in hand by Mr. Baldwin it is likely to prove a very severe handicap at the polls. It is either a case of the Prime Minister destroying this Theban Sphinx or D.O.R.A. herself may quite likely provide a final strangle-hold on Conservative majorities in many constituencies.

Poems *in* Porcelain

Being Statues from the Royal Copenhagen Factory representative of modern style and technique

The "Girl and the Goats" and also the "Boy" in the larger illustration, in under-glaze porcelain, in the characteristically soft greyish colouring, are exquisite examples of the work of Christian Thomsen.



THE manufacture of Royal Copenhagen porcelain, in Denmark, has attracted intense interest in the world of art ever since its inception in the middle of the eighteenth century, and, while the earlier pieces are to-day, perhaps, apt to be regarded only as the sole prerogative of the connoisseur and collector, there are also being made to-day, at the Copenhagen factory, pieces which, from an artistic point of view, are equally beautiful, and at a price which now brings these ceramic treasures well within the reach of the majority.

Two of the illustrations shown here

represent modern under-glaze work at its best—the study of the Girl with the Goats, and the other one of the Boy and the Dog. In each case, the delicate natural colouring, both of the peasant figures and the animals, lends a peculiar charm.

The small Child figure is in what is known as "biscuit," which is recognised by technical authorities as the highest test which can be applied to figure modelling, the reason being that it is imperative to achieve perfection in the actual model, since it is unfinished by any application of colour.



"The New Year, 1929," is the second of a series of child studies in "biscuit" porcelain—a delightful little figure with a piquant simplicity

The Captain of the Red Circle

Race and religion will out. This story of a young Greek, who breaks away from alien influences and frees a Greek captive at the risk of his own life, typifies the struggle between the Christian nationalities in Macedonia.

By

Crawford Price

Illustrations by Howard Elcock



"These damned Greeks," he muttered.

Christian nations. He was ruminating somewhat along such lines on this hot, summer evening, when shots rang out from the heights above.

"These damned Greeks," he muttered, and forthwith slid behind a sheltering rock.

A brisk fusillade followed close upon the first volley. The Greeks put up a brave fight, but they had walked straight into an ambush and their position was hopeless from the outset. Safe behind natural cover, the Bulgars mowed them down, and when the survivors sought safety in flight they found their retreat barred by a line of bristling Mausers.

"Shoot!" rang out a raucous voice.

The attack on the Bulgar stronghold of Rozar was over. Two or three fleet-footed Hellenes ducked behind a friendly boulder, dodged a couple of hostile bayonets, and sped zigzag down the hill until caught in a hail of lead. For the rest, save only the captain of the band, life with its mingled aspirations and anxieties was over. The leader himself, shot through the arm and stunned as he fell to the stony ground, lay unconscious until aroused by a brutal kick and marched in triumph to the village. He

roundly cursed his fate. Death held no terrors for him, but he dreaded the humiliation, torture and perhaps mutilation that, he doubted not, was in store for him.

WHATEVER his thoughts, Yanni affected no further interest in the affair until the firing ceased. Then he collected his goats and proceeded to drive them up the hill, assuming to himself that weary and casual air with which he was wont to return from the daily toil. His forecast of the result of the encounter had proved correct, but he was scarcely prepared for the spectacle that met his gaze as he came upon the village green.

In one corner lay a huddled mass of Greek bodies—the death toll of the encounter. The Bulgars, repulsive creatures in coarse brown homespuns, sat around a rickety table outside the café, laughing, cursing, and dulling their senses with potions of poisonous *raki*. In their midst was the village priest, gloating, so it seemed, over the victims of the slaughter. His cassock was green with dirt and age, and his curious, inverted top-hat, towering above long, matted hair and a tangled grey beard, lent a churlish air to an already hideous mien.

A short distance removed from this exhibition of sordid debauchery stood the lonely, pathetic figure of the Greek prisoner, resplendent in red skull cap and white *fustinnella*,



"Shoot!" rang out a raucous voice. The attack on the Bulgar stronghold of Rozar was over.

AROUND a great, stony plain in the Balkan highlands the bare, brown hills rose tier upon tier to snow-capped tors in the heavens. The arena itself was sparsely dotted with ramshackle Turkish hamlets, while here and there rough tracks broke from its glistening whiteness and curved up the foothills to clusters of shabby, mud-walled huts scattered around a whitewashed church.

Tragedy was in the air and history written on the landscape, for in this curious medley of race and religion a minaret stood definitely for the Turkish conqueror and a spire for the Christian vassal. But in the year of grace 1912 there was more at issue than the quarrel between Cross and Crescent. Slowly, yet surely, the Turk was turning his back on Europe, and, as an almost inevitable consequence, Greek and Bulgar had renewed their historic struggle for possession of Macedonia.

YANNI was weary—weary of a tiresome fate which bade him watch under the broiling sun, the while a herd of emaciated goats scrambled about the mountain side and filled their bellies with parched leaves from the scrubby oaks. On such rare occasions as he thought, it was merely to draw consolation from the fact that he was a half-wit and therefore called upon to take no part in the feud between the rival



A short distance removed from this exhibition of sordid debauchery stood the lonely, pathetic figure of the Greek prisoner . . . shackled to the base of a giant elm.

shackled to the base of a giant elm that bowed its branches as if in shame. In marked contrast to his captors, he was a man of slight, nimble physique, with features that indicated intelligence and a certain culture. He was, indeed, a notable personality, one of the most famous leaders of those organised bands of patriotic outlaws known throughout the Near East as *Komitadji*.

Yanni's arrival was the signal for an outburst of cynical hilarity.

"By Heaven! if it's not our hero," jeered old Ivan. "Come here, you fool, where've you been hiding this time?"

"I wasn't hiding," pleaded Yanni, "I heard the firing when I was down on the plain."

He saw that the Bulgars were in ugly mood.

"Liar and coward," retorted Ivan. "You'll pay for this. Here, Priest, what'll we do with him? He's no use, anyway, the undersized, snivelling idiot."

Papa Hadji-Mitcheff turned his evil eyes on the youth.

"We mustn't hurt the poor worm," he sniggered. "He's more regular at prayers than most of you. Give him the Greek to guard for the night."

The suggestion met with instant approval, for it mightily pleased the half-tipsy peasants to make the unwilling Yanni a party to their crimes.

"Aye, sound wisdom, Priest," growled Ivan. "'Tis seldom you talk such good sense. Off with the two of them. And mark this, young fool. Guard well this Greek swine, or it will go ill with you. He is to join his friends in hell at dawn to-morrow."

UPON the word, Yanni and the Greek were hustled along the narrow street, up a flight of steps, and into a dark, dismal chamber that had long fallen into dilapidation. The prison was an old, one-roomed shack, built of mud and raised a good ten feet from the ground. Beneath its floor had once been stalled the owner's cattle, and to

this retreat, open on three sides to the cool air of the hills, the Bulgars repaired to continue their revelry.

As the night wore on and the *raki* took their brains they became more and more boisterous, quarrelled violently amongst themselves, and finally sank into drunken slumber. Then all was quiet. Save for the sighs of heavy breathing, and the hoot of a solitary owl perched high in the elm tree nothing was left to disturb the eerie stillness of the night.

For an hour or more no word passed between Yanni and his captive. The one sat on his haunches, propped up against the wall, deep in reverie. The other lay still in the corner where he had been thrown, his feet bound together and one arm roped to his body. The wounded limb had been roughly bandaged and hung, useless, at his side. So the two remained until all was quiet below. Then Yanni tip-toed over to the side of the Greek.

"You speak Turkish?" he queried.

"Yes," came a sullen reply.

"Then listen! They're going to shoot you to-morrow and then throw your body on the high road as a warning."

The Captain squirmed with agony of mind and body.

"I know that," he said, "so at least leave me in peace for the night. I've suffered enough already."

"Been a silly fool, Captain," continued

Yanni. "*Komitadji*s ought to know where they're going. You took the road they always watch. No chance that way."

"Well," growled the prisoner, "they've got me, so your precious information is no good to me now."

Yanni paid no heed to the interruption and rambled on:

"If I'd been you, I'd have turned up at the shepherd's hut at the bottom of the hill and followed the path past the old quarry to the dell. That's where they always shoot their prisoners. Then you'd have come out at the top of the village and caught them. That's a secret pathway."

The Greek groaned.

"I suppose you're right," he said. "But"—and here he looked up in some surprise—"why tell me all this? Isn't it enough that my men are piled up like dead pigs on the village green and that I'm to follow them to-morrow? Better keep your counsel and leave me alone."

"I—I don't want you to die," stammered Yanni.

"You—what? Oh! You've a pretty wit for an idiot, my jailor. Is this a new kind of Bulgarian torture?"

Yanni bent down to the ear of his prisoner.

"I'm not a Bulgar," he whispered.

"Then what, in God's name, are you?"

"I'm a Greek."

"You! a Greek!" he exclaimed. "Then what are you doing in this den of Bulgarian brigands?"

YANNI was now overcome with emotion and hung his head in shame.

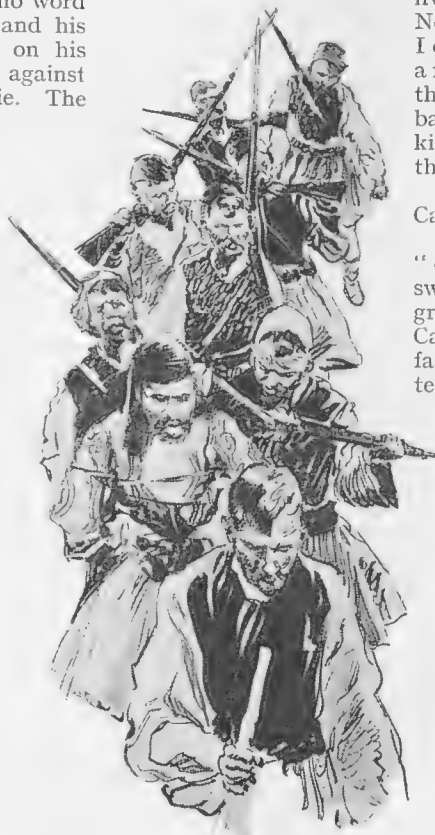
"It's not my fault," he whined. "I swear it's not my fault. I'm silly and weak and a coward. When the Bulgars came to our village and killed my father and my brothers, I was very young. I promised to grow up a good Bulgar if they'd spare my life. So they brought me here and I've lived here nearly ten years. Now they've forgotten where I came from. They think I'm a fool and treat me worse than their pigs. But I'll pay them back. I'm a Greek, and they killed my father. I hate them."

"A nice story," said the Captain, "if it were true."

"'Tis true," replied Yanni, "every single word of it. I swear it on my mother's grave. I know you too, Captain Andrea. You're the famous Captain Andrea, the terror of the Bulgars. You must live—for Greece."

Tears were now streaming down Yanni's cheeks and he sobbed aloud. The fire of patriotism that smoulders in the breast of every Hellene had been kindled into flame. He buried his face in his hands and knelt at the feet of his prisoner. And the prisoner understood and pitied him, for he himself would have died a thousand times rather than deny his race and religion.

"I must not die," he repeated. "Easy to say, my poor friend."



Yanni and the Greek were hustled through the narrow street.

But here I am, trussed up like a chicken, waiting to be shot in a few hours."

"I've thought of a plan," sobbed Yanni, "and maybe it's not so silly."

"A plan for what?"

"A plan to save you."

"God bless you, my boy," said the Greek,

"But don't worry about me. I'm finished."

"Won't you even listen to it?" pleaded Yanni.

"Well, if it will please you, go ahead."

"You must escape."

"Escape! That's impossible. And, besides, they'd kill you if I got away."

"That's just it; only they won't know it's me till afterwards."

Captain Andrea was almost annoyed by the idea. Shoot this village idiot in mistake for him! It was absurd. Still, the lad was evidently in earnest and he did not wish to appear unsympathetic.

"You seem crazy," he said, "but tell me just what's in your mind."

"Let's change places," answered Yanni. "You're not much bigger than I, and one Greek is like another to these drunken swine. When I'm dressed in your fine clothes they'll not know the difference between us—not in the early morning. Let me lie in your corner, all bound up and with your bandage on my arm. Then you can go out in the dark and escape before they're awake. It'll be very easy."

THE Captain was amazed. Here, if he had not lost his reason, was this peasant lad deliberately proposing to let him escape and be shot in his stead.

"That would be very nice for me, Yanni," he remarked, "but what of you? Don't you understand they would kill you? They'd never believe I got away without

your help."

"I don't want them to."

"If you know all that and still want to change places with me you must be really mad. Anyway, it can't be done. I couldn't let you die for me."

For answer Yanni rose to his feet, walked stealthily across the floor and opened wide the door. For a few minutes he remained gazing out into the night in deep meditation. Then he returned to the side of the prisoner.

"Listen," he said, "I'm not a fool any longer. For years I've betrayed and denied my country. Now the Greek in me is risen up. I'm a new Yanni. But I have still to purge my sin, and I thank God that my weak life can save a great life for Greece. Don't argue with me. I beg you to go."

"And if I refuse?"

"If you refuse I shall stand with you in the dell to-morrow and share your fate."

CAPTAIN ANDREA was a hardened *komitadji* of the hills. He had passed without flinching through many a crisis of life and death, yet never had his emotions been so deeply stirred or his mind so perplexed as at that most tragic moment of his career. His natural impulse was to decline any part in Yanni's proposed sacrifice. But he realised that an extraordinary change had come over the lad, who stood before him as one transfigured. Attitude, speech, intonation—all these bespoke nobleness and force of character, where before had been mental weakness and abject cowardice. To accept freedom at such a price was almost unthinkable. To refuse it would rob Yanni of the glory of his repentance. No sooner had he framed words to express the impossibility of the project than his subconscious mind checked their utterance. Thus he pondered, second upon second, minute upon minute, until his guardian's voice again broke the silence.

"Quick," it commanded. "The night wanes. There is no time to lose."

"But I've not agreed," meekly protested the Captain. He felt himself bending to the stronger will.

"You must agree. It is for Greece."

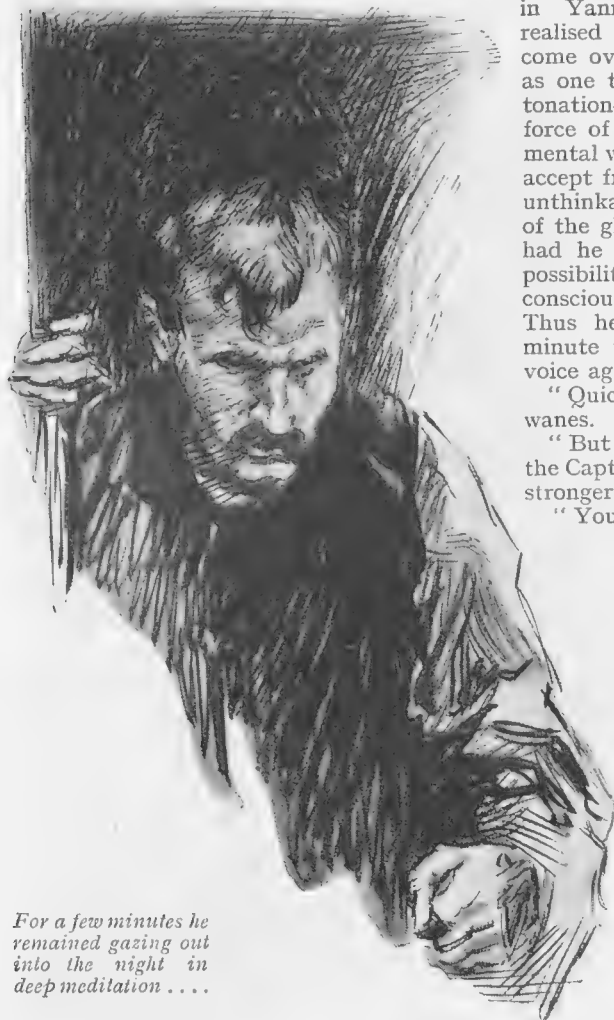
"Then you insist?"

"Greece insists."

As if to seal the decision, Yanni stooped down and loosed the cords that bound the prisoner. Speedily he divested him of the long gaiters, unwound the yards and yards of white, pleated *fustinella* from his waist, and stripped off the braided jacket. Then, piece by piece, he garbed him in his own shabby homespun and packed the wounded arm into rough splints. More slowly, for the task was intricate, he dressed himself in the *komitadji's* wondrous uniform, and thrilled with pride as he placed the red, tasselled skull cap on his shaggy head. Of fear there was none. Yanni dressed for



For an hour or more no word passed between Yanni and his captive.



For a few minutes he remained gazing out into the night in deep meditation....

his death as a bride for her wedding.

"Now," he exclaimed, as he proceeded to tie the cords about his legs. "I'll warrant no drunken Bulgar will know he's been fooled until you are far from his reach. Bind well my arm, Captain, and hasten away while it is yet dark. If I can deceive them until we arrive at the dell, you have two good hours before you. At the foot of the steps you'll find my ass. Take him, lest your wound has made you weak. And do not grieve for me. I glory in this deed. Tell them only that Yanni found his way back to Hellas through the jaws of death."

Andrea approached and placed his hand upon Yanni's head.

"You speak in a strange tongue," he said. "I would not have you do this. But since you so command, I go. I am priest as well as *komitadji*, and as priest I give you pardon for your sins and receive you back into the Church. God's blessing be upon you. To-morrow, in the Cathedral of Saint Dimitri, we will say Mass for the repose of your soul. Good-bye, my brave son. The Bulgars shall pay dearly for your life. The secret road, you said, lies by the shepherd's hut past the old quarry to the dell. I shall remember."

Andrea crossed himself and went out into the darkness.

LYING huddled up in the corner, Yanni anxiously followed the footsteps of the ass down the lonely village street. There was little to hear, even though the earth was asleep; just an occasional dull click as metal hoofs struck the cobbles that sparsely littered the ground. But it sufficed for his accustomed ear. Now they were



... Ivan held
up a lighted
candle and looked
around in sur-
prise. "Where the
hell's Yanni?"
he demanded...

opposite the church, now at the café, now passing across the green, and at last—yes, there could be no doubt of it—they had reached the outskirts and commenced the descent to the plain. In an hour Andrea would be almost safe from pursuit!

Thus content, he prepared for the next stage of the drama. 'Twere well, indeed, that Andrea had not tarried, for scarcely had the sounds of his departure died away than a thin grey mist beyond the hills heralded the coming of dawn. Then a cock crew, to be joined in chorus by his fellows, until their piercing notes disturbed the drunken slumber of the Bulgars stretched out beneath the prison house. Old Ivan's snores broke into hoarse grunts. Then he yawned aloud, and at length awoke.

"Ugh! You! Todor, Petro, Boris! 'Tis dawn of day and time we finished with 'hat Greek swine. Up, the lot of you."

More grunts answered this summons, and one by one the Bulgars aroused themselves. Yanni told from their muddled speech that they were yet heavy-headed from the night's debauchery. For this, at least, he was grateful. Although he awaited death with calm resignation, he feared the danger to Andrea and torture for himself that would inevitably follow discovery of the subterfuge. But his fears were groundless. The wits of his enemies were still dulled as they stumbled up the rickety stairs and, to the accompaniment of oaths and curses, broke into the room.

Ivan held up a lighted candle and looked around in surprise when he discovered the prisoner alone on the corner.

"Where the hell's Yanni?" he demanded.

"Went out to find his ass half-an-hour ago and hasn't come back," replied the captive in his native Greek.

"Curse him for a useless swine. I'll break every bone in his rotten body for this. Well! get the fellow up, and you, Todor and Petro, walk on each side of him. The rest

of you follow behind. Have you made yourself ready to die, my fine *komitadji*?"

"Quite ready," answered Yanni.

"Then off to the dell with him."

YANNI'S legs were unloosed, and the Bulgars led him out into the grey morning. Slowly, with scarce a word, the ragged procession moved to the top of the village and followed a beaten track which ran round and about the scrubby oaks until it breasted the brow of the hill. The prisoner held down his head and counted the fleeting minutes. Ten, fifteen, twenty must have passed ere he looked up and perceived, some distance below in a cleft of the rock, the appointed place of execution.

It was a scene in striking contrast to its grim and barren surroundings: little oasis where cooling springs watered the ground and brought forth green grass and shady trees. Invisible save from above, accessible only from the bridle path that skirted the mountain side, its outside edge overhung a sheer precipice that dropped hundreds of feet to the vale below. Over this the Bulgars were wont to cast the bodies of their victims, which hurtled downwards until caught up by crag or bush. And there they were held until carrion

birds picked them clean and left their bones to whiten in the summer sun.

The descent was made much more speedily than Yanni desired. He was always anxious to gain time for Andrea. But the Bulgars willed otherwise. The walk in the morning air had sobered them, and, fearing a renewal of the Greek attack, they resolved to make short work of the prisoner and return post haste to the village. Fortunately—for at this stage there would have been grave risk of discovery—they decided to dispense even with the usual attempt to obtain information about the doings of their enemies.

"Stand on the edge of the rock, there," ordered Ivan. "And if you don't like the look of the Mausers you can turn your back to them."

Yanni stood out from his escort and faced the great world beyond. There was nothing to be seen but bare, rugged mountains, gold-tipped by the rising sun, and valleys still shrouded in the morning mist. Yet to him, as he awaited death, the vista took on a new significance. Death! Death was wonderful. It would come as a release from years of toil and tribulation, of sinful denial of Church and Motherland. Behind him lay the narrow, cramped, human existence; before him opened out the wide acres of a new life in the bosom of his beloved Hellas.

Thus musing, with eyes fixed on the everlasting hills, he scarcely heeded old Ivan's commands to his men. One came forward and tied his hands behind his back. Another stepped out twelve ominous paces. Then followed a brief silence, broken only by a sharp, clicking noise as the triggers of the rifles were set. Then a volley, and, for a few moments—oblivion.

SLOWLY—very slowly, as he thought—the physical senses returned. He had not, he imagined, fallen very far down the precipice. He felt no pain. All was quiet and at peace. He seemed, to dawning consciousness, to be still standing on the edge of the rock, awaiting the shower of lead. Almost fearfully, expecting to gaze down a line of bristling Mausers into the sinister face of his executioners, he looked round.

The Bulgars were gone—no, not gone, for stretched out upon the green lay the corpses of the firing party and the rough ill-kempt figure of old Ivan.

"Am I dreaming?" wondered Yanni.

And as if in answer to the question, Andrea, followed by a score of cheering Greeks, came bounding through the bushes.

"Thank God!" cried Andrea. "We were just in the nick of time. Another second, and the Bulgars would have got in the first shot and you'd have been in eternity."

Yanni was too dazed even to think.

"What's happened?" he asked. "Am I alive?"

"Aye, you're alive and safe, lad. Nicola, here, got away yesterday and raised a rescue party. I met him at the bottom of the hill, and this time, thanks to you, we took the right road."

"It's a miracle," said Yanni crossing himself.

"Miracle be it," replied Andrea. "But we must not tarry. Our work is only half done. We will come back to throw these swine to the carrion."

Then he turned to his companions.

"Brothers," he said, "do you not see that Yanni wears the uniform of the Captain of the Red Circle. Salute him! He will lead the attack on the village. In half an hour there will be one foul nest the less in Macedonia."

THE END.



Yanni stood out from his escort and faced the great world beyond.



"... Down to the sea in ships. ..."

E. O. Hoppe.

The Merchant Navy

THOSE WHO MANNED SHIPS UNDER SAIL HAD TO BE PHYSICALLY FIT IN EVERY WAY, BUT IN SHIPS UNDER STEAM TO-DAY IT IS POSSIBLE FOR AN OFFICER OF THE WATCH TO BE BLIND IN ONE EYE

By Captain Selwyn M. Day, C.B., D.S.O., R.N.R.

(Nautical Assessor to the Court of Appeal.)

TRADITION emphasises two in-
exorable facts. Firstly, world-wide
influence rests on nautical efficiency,
and, secondly, that nautical effi-
ciency is not a fixed quantity but relative to
that of competing nations.

The sailing-ship owner was an Empire
builder—for personal reasons! His initia-
tive, and the facilities his enterprise provided,
encouraged the development of distant
colonies. His time and fortune were mort-
gaged to overseas transport of passengers
and goods. From the results of his experi-
ence the varied types of ship-construction
have been evolved. The fast China tea-
clippers, weather-proof Western Ocean
packets and roomy Australian emigrant
ships exemplified the competition of the
later period—and, be it noted, the school
in which over 85 per cent. of the shipmasters
of the late war were trained. The owner
was also the manager.

BUT times are changed. The managing-
owner has disappeared together with the
fleet of sail. Shipowners now are share-
holders and their managers are company
promoters and financial wizards who, if the
ships do not pay, can raise more capital or
continue to run them on a bank overdraft.

A sailing ship, like a stage coach, may be
the more picturesque, but who that desired

comfort and despatch would prefer other
than the present-time alternatives?

Mechanical propulsion revolutionised sea
transport no less than that on land, with
speedier travel and more comfortable con-
ditions. Nevertheless, under steam we lack
one essential factor for continued prosperity;
to wit, an elimination process of the mentally
and physically unfit—the corollary of the
operation of ships under sail.

All nations except Great Britain have long
since made suitable provision for the obvious
danger of having those in navigational con-
trol with sight or hearing or constitutional
stamina below a normal standard. More-
over, a medical examination is not the only
precaution, but sailing ships are retained for
training purposes in Denmark, Germany,
Argentina, Chile, etc.

British legal requirements of an officer's
efficiency are, in fact, of a lower standard
than that of any of our competitors and,
needless to remark, the majority increasingly
conform to the legal minimum requisite.

WHAT emphasis is needed to show that
an adequate sea-training system of
the Merchant Navy officers is of national
importance? 18,000 officers from merchant
ships served in H.M. ships in the late war,
941 were killed, 2,606 received war decora-

tions. In defence
of merchant ships
was an addi-
tional:—

Masters ..	403
Chief Officers	399
2nd Officers	278
3rd Officers..	100
4th Officers..	12
Apprentices	
and Cadets	208

Total..1,400

2,197 merchant
ships were sunk by
enemy action and
over 21 million tons
of material and
thousands of troops
and passengers.

Each new nauti-
cal invention adds
to the responsibil-
ities of the ship-
master. More is

expected from him to whom much is given!
Our forefathers, for instance, could not
command a ship carrying so vast a quantity
of life and treasure, or in a calm collide at
express speed with another ship or ledge of
ice. Gyro compass and mechanical helms-
men, echo-sounding and wireless-position-
finding are virtually automatic in opera-
tion, no matter fine or foggy weather, and
there is less reason—and considerably less
expectation!—for a ship so equipped to
arrive behind the scheduled hour.

These inventions increase the congestion
of the shipping-tracks and the consequent
need of an exceptional degree of alertness of
the senses of hearing and vision, upon which
must depend helm orders, in order to
progress with despatch and safety to your
own and passing vessels.

A PASSENGER ship and a tanker laden
with benzine narrowly escaped collision.
The officer of the watch of the ship which,
by the Rule of the Road, should have altered
course on this occasion, has since informed
the writer (who was in command) that from
childhood he had been blind in one eye.
The master, who is held accountable for
every accident, has a right and duty to
complain of such assistant navigators being
certified as qualified for executive officers'
duties. In no other vocation does the safety
of so much life or property hinge on the
correct exercise of an individual judgment.
as in that of a shipmaster.

Ships under sail, as already explained,
exacted and trained a suitable physical
condition to meet their occasions, but ships
under steam do not, although the need is
greater.

In the words of the Secretary of the Board
of Trade, replying to Mr. Balfour (West
Hampstead), June 23rd, 1924:—"It is pos-
sible, as suggested in the question by the
hon. member, that a candidate may pass
the Board of Trade sight test even if blind
in one eye."



The gentle art of swooning, as practised in the Victorian era and depicted in "Caste" at the Old Vic. Left to right: Marquise de St. Maur (Esmé Church); Polly (Adele Dixon); Eccles (Horace Segura); Esther (Rachel Berendt); and Sami Gerridge (John Laurie).

THERE was once a dramatist of picturesque note and exquisitely nurtured publicity (need I mention his name?) who divided his plays into sections for our benefit, obligingly labelling them either "pleasant" or "unpleasant," as the case might be. In this particular instance this distinction was not to be too literally accepted, since even in his most "pleasant" efforts there were to be found digs and jabs calculated to tickle up some one or other. And on the other hand he was constitutionally quite incapable of being really "unpleasant," in the sense of being sordid or nasty.

But the classification is one that comes to mind in thinking of the plays of the current moment, and especially certain of those that

have most recently made their anxiously expectant bow before a critical world.



The dashing Captain Hawtree (Rayner Barton) and Polly Eccles (Adele Dixon) in "Caste."



A scene from "Craig's Wife," in which Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry makes a welcome return to the London stage. With her is Brian Aherne.

Unpleasant Plays

Several plays of the moment have a theme that is disturbing and even possibly repellent, but it is contended that they have at least the attribute of providing food for thought.

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

SOOTHING OR DISTURBING.

PLEASANT and unpleasant—'tis a definition as wide as a church door, but 'twill serve, as Mercutio might have put it. For pleasant read soothing and gratifying to the mental senses; while the word unpleasant may imply disturbance and even possibly revulsion. But neither epithet, let it be understood, need carry any implication of either merit or demerit.

Obviously under the first heading come musical comedies such as *Funny Face*, with Mr. Leslie Henson as high priest of harmless merriment, or *That's a Good Girl* in which Mr. Jack Buchanan has proved himself once more the chiefest of our dancing sons. Also the majority of sentimental pieces, comedies and farces—though I have before now heard that particularly sparkling comedy *By Candle Light* denounced by a "family man" in unmeasured terms which included the actual word "unpleasant." It is perhaps on the cynical side, but its a-morality is so artificially ingenuous as to be without offence to any but a type that would still hope to impose even on adults the legends of the gooseberry bush and the stork.

THE CENSOR—AND OTHERS.

SOME of the chief present and past successes, be it noted, have claims to be classed under the second heading. Even *Young Woodley*, for example, which has just closed a long and triumphant career. I do not refer so much to the original banning of it by the Censor, who can sometimes give even the income tax people points in arousing our respectfully puzzled wonderment. I have met human beings, too, who have been quite upset by it and thought it indecent. Well, of course, to the pure all things are impure, as Oscar Wilde or somebody once said, but it is plain that this piece is at least in some respects disturbing.

SOME SUCCESSES.

THEN there is *Many Waters*, Mr. Monckton Hoffe's picture of the lives of two people which continues obstinately running

It is not a bad sort of a division in its rough way, and at least most surely preferable to the older and cruder contrast of tragedy and comedy. That implies a qualification of hard-and-fast rules about the nature and purport of a play which belongs to an earlier age. Stark tragedy and pure comedy are equally rare on the modern stage. Nowadays we mix our stuff; and so hope and believe, not without reason, that we get rather nearer to humanity.

at the Ambassadors, though it took him a whole two years after its private production by a Sunday society to induce any London manager to stage it. That's certainly an unpleasant play by our definition; not only does it send the nerves of thought jarring and jangling, but it has one scene at least that is calculated thoroughly to upset playgoers in search of a pleasant opiate or after-dinner lullaby.

Of two of our latest big London successes, *Journey's End* is undoubtedly of the "unpleasant" class, as all sincere plays about the war must be; its realism is pitched in a low key, but even the duldest ear must catch the urgent *vibrato* of tragedy beneath its infinitely artistic quietude. And as for *The Lady with a Lamp*, the historical drama that Captain Reginald Berkeley has so audaciously attempted and so admirably achieved, who could fail to be stirred to strange and uncomfortable emotions when that once gallant not to say despotic figure of Florence Nightingale (so superbly played by Miss Edith Evans) is wheeled in for the last scene of all, a helpless, almost senseless figure, to receive high honours, long delayed, that she is now too worn-out and broken even to understand?

A MADMAN AS HERO.

AMONG the newest productions, without hesitation also we must accord to *The Mock Emperor*, the Pirandello drama at the Queen's, a niche among the "unpleasant" plays. The hero, to begin with (brilliantly acted by Mr. Ernest Milton) is a madman—though we see him, it is true, in an interval of comparative sanity. He is an Italian nobleman who was taking part in a historical pageant twenty years ago when his horse (incited by the villain of the piece) threw him heavily. On returning to consciousness it was found that the blow on the head had knocked him back some nine hundred years, so that he actually believed himself to be the man he had been impersonating—Henry IV of Germany, an Emperor of the eleventh century.

Fortunately the young nobleman was a person of wealth. So his friends humoured him, and in a great country house on the outskirts of Rome it was arranged that he should hold his royal court, with a suite of attendants and retainers dressed, like himself, in the costume of his imaginary period. Here we find him installed when the play opens, indulging certainly in a considerable kind of melancholy, but also more or less content with his lot, or at any rate regarding it as the lesser of two evils.

A COSTUME MASQUERADE.

FOR, as we learn later, he really came back to sanity several years ago, but never let anyone know it. Faced with the prospect of going back into a world where he would no longer have any friends and be looked on askance, he decided to continue what had now become a mere masquerade. Then there enters a visiting party of people

he once knew—including the woman he had loved (Miss Dorothy Dix) and her paramour, the very self-same man who had arranged the "accident" that led to his madness.

After a "reception" in which the visitors are forced to don mediæval dress and the "Emperor" keeps up the historical farce, his ex-love arranges a plan to restore him to sanity.

A sudden shock is the bright idea, the said shock to consist of two life-size panel pictures in the Throne Room walking out of their frames. His daughter impersonates the figure of her own old portrait, and a man-friend, that of the "Emperor" as he was. The *coup* is performed and arouses the "Emperor" to an outburst of something which looks like real madness, in the course of which he stabs to death



Gillian Lind and Dorothy Dix in the Pirandello drama, "*The Mock Emperor*," a play which will appeal to medium-brows as well as high-brows.



"*The Mock Emperor*," surrounded by his courtiers, in the final scene at the Queen's. The part of the Emperor is brilliantly acted by Ernest Milton.

his enemy, the treacherous lover. Then, realising what he has done, he knows that he must become mad again—though whether it is real or half-feigned madness this time, is left ingeniously uncertain. "Here together," he mutters as he seats himself wearily once more on his throne and the mock courtiers gather round—"Here for ever." Perhaps he is in truth really mad now; at any rate madness is his only escape.

AND THE MORAL?

LOTS of morals could no doubt be discovered in this play, but I should imagine the chief one to be that it is the

height of folly—not to mention danger—to butt in on other people's lives, however eccentric or deplorable they may seem to us.

Another is that the realm of imagination may be preferable to that of reality. At any rate it is immensely provocative of thought, as good "unpleasant" plays have a way of being. And real good theatrical stuff, too. Who says Pirandello's food only for the highbrow? This play alone proves him to be a dramatist we medium-brows can enjoy—and there is no need to go hunting for any obscure philosophy hidden behind his words.

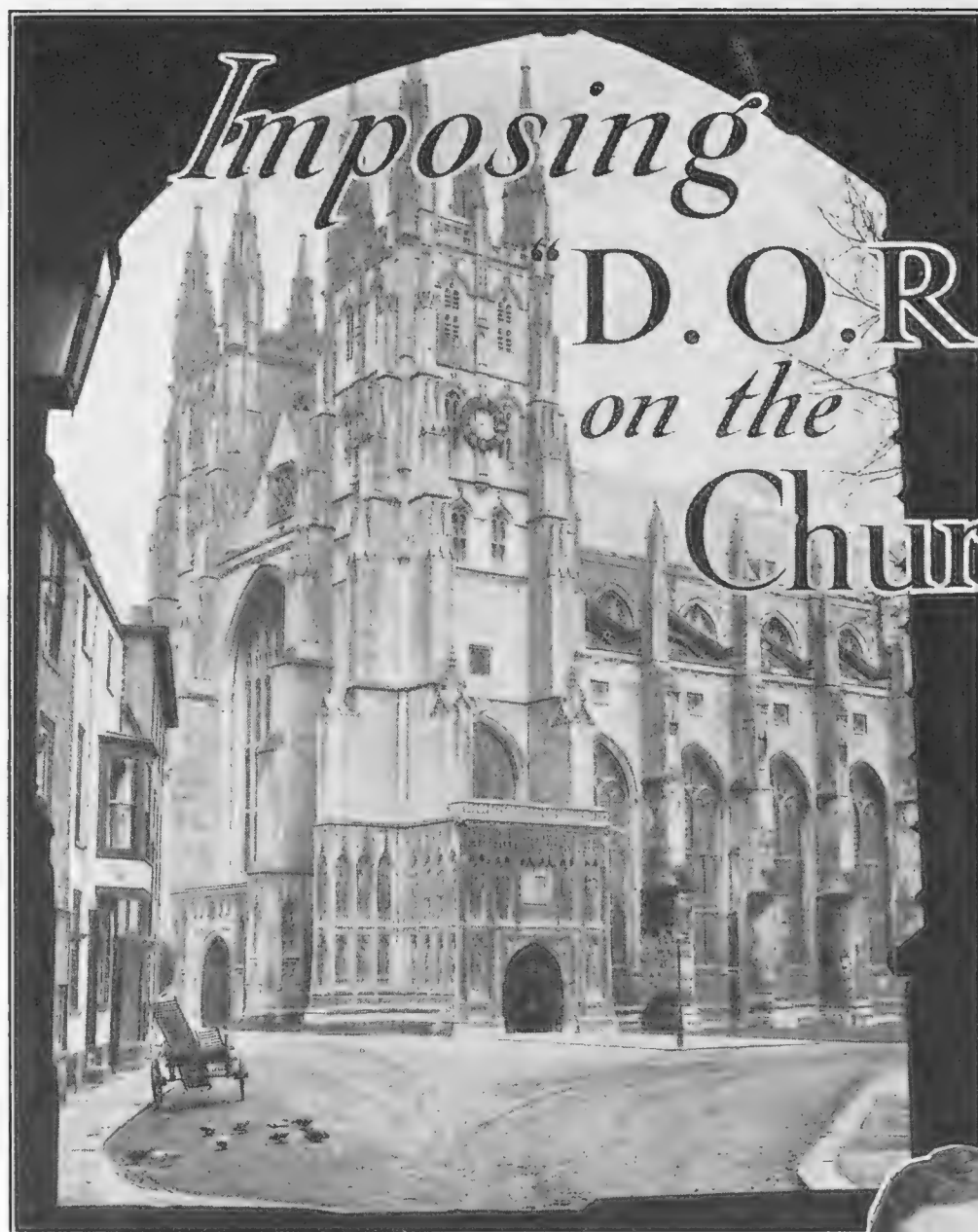
Of course the "unpleasant" play is liable to be at close grips with tragedy, so it is not to be whole-heartedly recommended to those who insist on a happy ending. There is tragedy, too, of a more commonplace kind, in the play that has just brought that fine actress Miss Phyllis Neilson-

Terry back to the London stage at last—*Craig's Wife* at the Fortune.

Mrs. Craig is a detestably selfish woman, with a craze for domination and inhuman tidiness. She plays the cold tyrant over her nice husband and concentrates all her attention on her house.

APPLAUDING THE CRASH.

NOW, this play was written by an American and in fact was a prize "over there," and the women of England can no doubt lay the flattering unction to their souls that the model for this repulsive heroine—how self-denying of beautiful Miss Terry to play her!—must have been found among American women.



"Nothing lasts but the Church": A charming corner of Canterbury Cathedral, the Mother Church of England.

WHAT is going to happen to the Church of England?

Twenty years ago the question might have been asked without attracting the smallest attention. If any answer had been attempted it would have been given with a shrug of the shoulders: "It'll muddle along somehow, I suppose." And the speaker would not have cared very much whether it did or not.

To-day the position is different. People are interested in religion. The columns of the daily Press are full of discussions of religious subjects. The utterances of bishops are given paragraphs with large black headlines. Sermons are reported. Religious services are broadcast and compete successfully with the efforts of jazz bands. Curious superstitions win the souls—it cannot possibly be the minds—of devotees.

Christian Science and Spiritualism are probably the most progressive faiths at the moment. All this is a witness to the fact that the people want religion and are not being supplied by the orthodox sellers of oil for lamps gone dim. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

IN THE NATIONAL LIFE

THUS the question of the future of the Church becomes important. For the Church of England holds a unique position: She is deeply rooted in the national life; she has won the respect of Englishmen by her activities; she stands high in their affections. Her future cannot be a matter of indifference even to those who stand apart from her. To those within her fold, however loose the bands of their attachment, the question is intensely interesting.

The Catholic section of the Church is the most vital thing in her to-day. The singular position of the Church of England in Western Christendom is this: she asserts the possibility of Catholicism without submission to the papal obedience. There have always been Catholic-minded men in the Church of England. Lately they have become strong enough to pull the whole body their way. Other sections of the Church



Canon Hannay, the author of many books, grave and gay.

Can the Church of England do for the world what she has never quite done for herself? Can she combine Catholicism with liberty? Can she reconcile the two supremely noble things — authority and freedom?

By

Canon
Hannay

(George A. Birmingham)

are holding their own, or losing ground. The Anglo-Catholics are steadily advancing—whither?

Is their ultimate object the restoring of England to the Roman obedience? If so they are false to the Anglican tradition and are spending their strength in vain. Even the most active propagandist of Romanism must surely realise that England is not going, taper in hand and shirt tails fluttering, to sue for the favour of an Italianised Vatican. The best of our Anglo-Catholics assert that this is not what they want.

Their assertions ought to be convincing, but, in fact, are not. There remains in the minds of most Englishmen the incurable suspicion that ecclesiastics are never quite straight. These Anglo-Catholics—so the plain man feels—have gone so far that it is impossible to be sure that they will stop on this side of Canossa.

RELIGION DEFEATS THE LAW.

IT is from this suspicion that the opposition to Anglo-Catholicism really springs. There is, of course, what the Bishop of Durham very properly called, the "Protestant Underworld," the Kensitite faction which shrieks. From a religious standpoint, from an intellectual standpoint, from any possible standpoint, these people are negligible. Their record is one of disgusting profanity. The important opponents of the Anglo-Catholic movement are of a different sort. They have convictions; they have brains, and, most important of all, they have character. Unfortunately, they have put their case into the hands of politicians and

lawyers, and it has been exceedingly badly managed. Men like the Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary have brains and experience. It is odd that in dealing with a religious question they should fail to use the one or profit by the other. Anglo-Catholicism whatever else it may be is a spiritual force, a form of religion. If history teaches anything it surely teaches the vanity of fighting religion with laws.

The first round of the contest—we may, perhaps, hope the first round will also be the

last — has gone entirely in favour of the Church. "Don't you dare," said the lawyers and politicians. "If you do we'll disestablish you." The Bishop of Durham promptly called the bluff. "Bring on your bear," he said, though of course in much more dignified language. The lawyer-politicians immediately collapsed. There may be a bear, but no one wants to let the creature out, much less to goad it on. It is utterly impossible to guess what miscellaneous mischief the creature might do if it once got loose. The Disestablishment threat disappeared. No party saw any profit in taking it up and everybody saw the possibility of damage.

PROTESTANT HEART OF ENGLAND.

MEANWHILE the Bishops, considerably bewildered, go on praying "Give peace in our time, O Lord." The Anglo-Catholics continue to progress, and the old suspicion makes the minds of simple men afraid. If only they could be sure—people ought to be free to say their prayers how they like and when they like. But "we are not going back to Popery." To that extent the lawyer-politician is indubitably right and follows his brief.

The heart of England is as Protestant as ever it was, if Protestantism means, as hitherto it has meant in England, a determination that foreigners shall not interfere in our affairs, religious any more than secular.

But Anglo-Catholicism, important as it is, is by no means the only pebble on the beach.

THE WIDE FOLD.

THE Church of England has always desired to include within her fold the largest possible number of Englishmen, however wide apart their religious beliefs may be, however divergent their taste in the fashion of worship. There are Protestants as well as Catholics in the Church of England. There were—we were, for they have almost disappeared—Puritans as well as Churchmen. What used to be called "comprehension" is an old ideal and one with which Englishmen are always sympathetic. The story of the efforts at comprehension, in the days when the Church of England was the Church of England and nothing more, is an interesting chapter in our ecclesiastical history. The spirit which prompted the efforts is as much alive as ever it was. But the field for comprehension is vastly larger.

MOTHER OF MANY CHURCHES.

WITH the growth of the Empire has gone the spread of the Church. The "right little, tight little, island" idea has vanished, and we all think imperially. The Church of England, almost without knowing it, has become the mother of a great brood of churches, very loosely knit together, not even united as the Empire is in a common recognition of the Crown. What

bond is there, save a purely spiritual one, between the see of Canterbury and the crowd of bishops of our communion in the United States?

ALL EYES ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

THE intense missionary enthusiasm of the nineteenth century has planted the Church in "heathen lands afar," among men not joined to us even by the tie of a common language.

There has sprung up, all over the Christian world, in the ancient churches of the East and in the Scandinavian and Teutonic churches whose organisation dates from the Reformation, a desire for union. All eyes from east, and west, and north, turn towards the Church of England. Her spirit of comprehensive Catholicism, her prestige, her high character, her learning, make

together. The way of the Church of England is and must be a *via media*, but there is no more difficult path to walk on. The Papal attitude—This is the Church and the rest of you are damned heretics—is easy enough. Any fool can walk that way with logical satisfaction, quite untroubled by the fact that it leads nowhere.

An invertebrate federation of free churches, interchange of pulpits, "open Communion" and patter about common brotherhood is easy enough too; but it does not get anywhere either. The problem of the *via media* is infinitely more difficult. Can the Church of England do for the world what she has never quite done for herself? Can she combine Catholicism with liberty? Can she reconcile the two supremely noble things, whose very nobility makes their antagonism so bitter—authority and freedom?

HOOR OF GREAT OPPORTUNITY

WHAT is to be the issue of it all? There will be no issue

whatever, no arriving anywhere if our bureaucrats succeed in forcing their conception of organisation on the Church. They have gone a long way. They have curbed liberty. They have enforced regulations. They are steadily spreading the blight of outward uniformity by means of the hurried activities of the Church Assembly.

No doubt they mean well. That which cannot be drilled and tabulated, activities insusceptible of inclusion in plotted graphs, seem to them supremely evil things. Once before, at the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne, the Church stood on the verge of great achievements, just as she stands to-day. She was reduced to impotent torpor by the spirit of Erastianism which took possession of her when the non-Jurors were cast out.

A THREAT TO MEET.

A worse kind of Erastianism threatens her life now. The truckling of high ecclesiastics to the eighteenth-century state, for the sake of gain and advancement, at all events left the lower clergy untouched. The new Erastianism, which would impose a kind of "D.O.R.A." on the

Church, will affect, if its progress is not checked, every minister, high or low.

The future holds glorious possibilities. The Church's hour of opportunity is on her. None but her own sons can prevent the fulfilment of her destiny.



Top.

Baron Davidson,
the former Archbishop
of Canterbury.

The Most Rev.
Cosmo Gordon Lang,
Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Most Rev.
William Temple,
Archbishop of York.

her the best, perhaps the only possible mediator of a great Christian unity.

The lawyer-politicians, who once forbade the consecrating of bishops for America, are not likely to interfere with the Church's expansion again. The difficulties which beset the way of enthusiasts for comprehensive unity are of a different kind al-

The heart of England is as Protestant as ever it was, if Protestantism means, as it has meant in England, determination that foreigners shall not interfere in our affairs, religious, any more than secular.

POINTS about Loud SPEAKERS

MOVING coil loud speakers have come into fashion; but that does not mean to say that the temporarily eclipsed cone type has had its day. In my opinion quite the reverse is true, and I shall not be surprised to see the tide of popularity take a very distinct turn. As with so many other radio developments, the moving coil speaker has been thrust into prominence and is being adopted by thousands of wireless users without the slightest regard for the suitability of their sets to employ such an apparatus. The result must be disappointment, and probably a set-back to the progress which the coil driven instrument is now making.

IRRITATING DISTORTION.

JUST a few warnings, therefore, may be justified. These loud speakers definitely require more energy to drive them than does the cone type, with the natural result that if the same set is employed, and the one loud speaker merely substituted for the other, reception, instead of being louder and more satisfyingly natural (according to expectations) will be less powerful, and even in some cases subject to an irritating form of distortion.

This is due to the fact that the speaker is being improperly operated, and cannot be held against the instrument, although I have found that some makes are distinctly better than others in the latitude permitted without interference with quality for the control of volume. One of the principal criticisms against the coil speaker is based on this score: that it is unsuitable for the ordinary home simply because it has to be driven all out or not at all! And I must confess that I have found a great deal of truth in the allegation.

It is undoubtedly quite unsuitable for use in a small room; a large room, of twenty-two feet or so square, barely gives it a chance, although in this case it is possible to throttle it down and obtain very pleasing results—with some makes. But to enjoy its capabilities to the full, it is necessary for the listener to move some considerable distance away. Nearby, the finer shades of the music must be swamped in mere noise; at a distance at which the human ear can use discrimination and analyse the composite sounds which issue from the instrument, the range and faithfulness of reproduction equally of the thin, piping notes in the upper register and the deep booming of drums, Sousaphones and double bass are really remarkable.

FINE TUNING.

HOWEVER, to return to the question of energy required to operate the speaker. The radio set which has to be run all out to supply an ordinary cone type loud speaker is definitely not suitable to drive a moving coil. When the change from one instrument to the other is made, it will infallibly be noticed that volume has dropped considerably.

Radio Comments, by ROBERT W. BEARE

Various problems are raised by the respective merits of the moving coil and the cone types of loud speaker. Our correspondent anticipates a return to popularity of the latter.

On the other hand, with a set which receives the local station with such volume that every means—the turning off of all deliberate reaction and even detuning—has to be taken to reduce the strength, a moving coil speaker may be employed, although in order to obtain adequate strength and quality it will probably be necessary to tune in very finely, and to give a reasonable amount of reaction. To reduce the



"... and those who find that the bass of a good coil speaker is unnatural to their ears."

problem to readily comprehensible terms, any good modern three-valve set used within twenty miles of a main station ought to be capable of operating a moving coil loud speaker if everything is in order. The fact that the slightest deterioration of valves or batteries, or the employment of valves which are not the best for the purpose should be an incentive to the maintenance of the set in first class condition.

"NO SUCH THING."

ANOTHER criticism levelled against the moving coil loud speaker is that it over-emphasises the bass notes; but that is a very sweeping, and quite unjustifiable assertion. It is true of some makes of loud speaker, just as it is equally true to say that some cones, or even horn loud speakers, over-emphasise the high notes, and in some cases completely ignore the low ones. But either coil or cone instrument should give a reasonably faithful rendering over a very wide range of musical frequencies.

It is a fact, indeed, that many people who have listened for months or years to a cone of poor range may unconsciously come to regard the production of that speaker as a standard against which all others are judged. When presented with the actual "stuff" which the orchestra is turning out, it is quite possible they may say, with the Canadian backwoodsman who was shown a giraffe for the first time, "There ain't no such thing!"

A matter that the coil driven loud speaker does over-emphasise, from the average listener's point of view, is any trifling defect in the normal output of the set, and this is particularly true in regard to any low pitched hum which comes through from the eliminator, or is picked up directly from the lighting circuit of the house by long loud speaker extension leads. A hum that is scarcely audible on a good cone becomes almost intolerable on a moving coil, especially if it is so low as to induce an appreciable mechanical vibration of the diaphragm.

This causes a distinct ripple in the music which, naturally, completely upsets the normal faithfulness of reproduction, and is doubly annoying, because it is so difficult to cure. It is for this reason, in fact—in order to approach as nearly as possible to perfection as is humanly possible—that I have turned once again to accumulators, fed by a trickle charger, as a source of H.T. supply.

ADVICE TO PURCHASERS.

IN the meantime, those who are hesitating on the brink of purchasing a new loud speaker and are still undecided as to whether to purchase a moving coil or not, must realise that the introduction of this type has not by any means rendered all other types obsolete.

With regard to the alleged drawback of the moving coil loud speaker that it requires power to excite the field magnet, this should not be regarded too seriously. It is true that if a mains operated type is not purchased, a six-volt supply is required for the purpose; and if the house in which it is to be used is not wired for electric light an accumulator must be used.

On the other hand, however, the consumption is relatively small, so that a bulky accumulator need not be used—or, for that matter, the extra drain on the filament heating accumulator is less than that of a single general purpose valve of a few years ago.

Use **MAZDA** LAMPS



and see things in the right light



The Cult of Second Best

There is no substitute for real love, though many modern women appear to think so. Our contributor in this outspoken article defends stoutly the woman who keeps the figure of an ideal lover-husband in her heart and will accept no other.

By Sylvia Stevenson

NOWADAYS girls are quite rightly taught biology at school. They know, and take for granted, facts about life at which their grandmothers were forced to guess. But as usual in every advance of knowledge, which on the whole is for good, there is one disquieting tendency. This is the spread of the cult of "experience at any cost," the cult of the second-best.

The poison is not yet widespread; it is confined to a small but widely self-advertised set. And even there, unblemished purity is still theoretically regarded as an asset to the man who shall be lucky enough to win it. Still the robes of the bride cry aloud to the congregation, "Behold the innocent girl, who has everything to learn!" and as such the marriage service gives her to the bridegroom.

But—is it symbolic?—the bride's garment is no longer always of a flawless snowiness. There are flesh-pink linings, now, and golden lace which might be construed as hints that she is not really quite so "innocent" as she looks, and is boasting of the fact. Innocence, that divine word, that lovely carol, is debased now to this significance most frequently, referring only to the least important side of the relationship between man and woman.

WAITING FOR THE LOVER-HUSBAND.

THE attitude of men, or rather of some men, towards this question is to blame equally with that of a certain type of woman, who ought to know better. There are still so many who seem to think that the sex life of a woman is indeed her only life, and that she cannot become a worth-while human being until she has fulfilled her purely womanly functions!



The Kiss

by A. F. Kales.

(Reproduced by permission from "Photograms of the Year.")



Nude by Waldemar Kide

(Reproduced by permission from "Photograms of the Year.")

Some, notably certain writers, even appear to put a premium on feminine promiscuity. They say of a girl who has no lover that she "knows nothing about life." They ridicule unmercifully the girl who keeps the figure of her ideal lover-husband in her heart, refusing all substitutes. Because she prefers to wait for him, even if it means waiting all her life, she is told she is "abnormal," and advised to consult a psycho-analyst. Her self-control is labelled prudishness or just plain foolishness.

THE ONLY REAL LOVE.

THE trouble with these people, who exaggerate so enormously the importance of a certain side of life, is that they forget that no experience is of any value, humanistically speaking, unless it has "spiritual content." Passion *per se*, without the informing motive of real love, is like a lamp without a flame, void and meaningless.

It is not the mere mating that makes of marriage a blessed state. It is the mutual understanding, the willingness to suffer until death and beyond for another's sake, the hope and the sorrow shared.

Even motherhood has in itself no special magic power. Certainly the woman who mothers the child of the man she loves will be, almost invariably, a wiser, happier, and therefore more valuable member of society. But there are mothers to whom their children

mean nothing more than pegs to hang beautiful clothes on—Robot-mothers, whose experience of child-bearing has taught them nothing at all, nor altered them in any vital way.

Such cases may be comparatively rare, but they prove that the merely physical experiences are not necessarily of any value whatever. They are in themselves quite unimportant, and have no power to increase the wisdom of a human being.

THE GREATEST "EXPERIENCE" OF ALL.

SINCE it is by feeling and thinking alone that we truly live—we who are something more than animals—it is obvious that the un-mated woman who thinks and feels deeply has "lived" far more than the Robot-mother.

And I maintain that the girl who prefers to do without purely physical "experience" is capable of feeling every emotion of any value. She can be lonely, hungry, and angry, intoxicated with wine or with a new idea, just as freely! She can enter by sympathy into the hearts of others, and feel the fierce pangs of pity and love for humanity.

STRENGTH IN SELF-CONTROL.

IT is about time that "waiting for a dream to come true" became once more the fashion among those who now class it as an out-of-date sentimental cliché! Also, it is time someone pointed out to the more Freudian of our novelists that self-control is a sign of strength, not of "abnormal repressions," and that to hold out for the best or nothing is, in matters of love, the truest wisdom.

Brighton or the Riviera?

That Brighton compares more favourably with Riviera and other Continental resorts is the opinion of the writer of this article.

By H. J. GALLIERS
(Mayor of Brighton)



Is this an arid waste? Brighton front in holiday time is a scene of activity.

IN the issue of *BRITANNIA* for January 25th, my friend, Mr. Harry Preston, is quoted as saying that Brighton is at last awakening from its Edwardian apathy and "is now fired with a determination to provide us with a winter resort wherein heroes may fittingly hibernate." I agree; but I observe that it is followed by certain criticisms of Brighton which cannot be allowed to pass without a few words of comment.

THOSE ARID WASTES.

FOR instance, we are told that the front is an "arid waste of asphalt from Kemp Town to Hove," and that the Council should make friends with a gardener and a forestry expert.

This is scarcely truthful. There are evergreen shrubs all along the mile of front

from Black Rock to the Aquarium; there is also at the Black Rock end the large private terraced garden in which King Edward used to like to sit and sun himself when he visited Brighton as the guest of the Duke of Fife, who had a house at that end. The Hove front is inset with tended lawns.

There are, I admit, neither palm trees nor those delightful and exotic blooms which brighten the little railed gardens outside the Casino at Monte Carlo (even at Monte Carlo attendants have to cover their precious blooms with canvas sheets after sunset to save them from the nip in the air). But one cannot have it all ways.



Nice attracts a Cosmopolitan crowd—



—While Cannes, with its exotic trees, is also a popular winter resort.

BRIGHTON is famous for its invigorating sea breezes. We cannot give up our sea breezes for the languid and relaxing climate which makes it possible to grow flowers along a sea front.

Brighton is an all-the-year-round resort, with a sunshine average of 4.98 hours each day throughout the year. We cannot waste money on planting geraniums in well-sunken beds for the benefit of people who want a garden on the sea front in the winter-time. We give them sea, sun, some of the most bracing air in England, an unrivalled choice of first-class hotels, every facility for all sorts and kinds of play and sport, the sweeping downs at the back of the town to walk, golf and ride over, and, if you hunger for grass, trees, flowers, there is the spacious Preston Park within ten minutes' walk of the sea front. We recognise that the sea front is our *raison d'être*, and the town's chief asset.

COCKTAIL TIME.

AS regards a central rendezvous, this is important; but the new Aquarium building, which contains a large café, will go a long way towards remedying this. In any case, I never heard that anyone arrived in Brighton and could not discover within a very short space of time whether friends were also down.

The hôteliers do not exclude non-residents from the luxurious lounges of their hotels, and if our critic knows anything of Brighton and its life he will also know that if, at the aperitif or the cocktail hour, he drops in at the lounges of two or three of the famous hotels along the front he will see a company as interesting as any which assembles, in the season, around the tables outside or inside the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo.

THE BRITISH COMMON WEALTH

An important question for the electors which has a definite relation to the problem of unemployment.

By The Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.

THE near approach of the General Election can be seen in the "window-dressing" going on in the political parties with the object of winning the support of the electorate, who so very soon will be called upon to make a selection of the best political "goods."

I believe that one of the questions that will loom large in the public eye between now and that fateful day is the policy governing the British Commonwealth of Nations, not only because of the great importance of maintaining and strengthening what is called the "Unity of Empire," but rather because of the difficult economic problems, along with their attendant social evils, with which we are at present confronted.

Notwithstanding the demonstration of self-sacrifice and "love of country" by the members of the Labour Party in the hour of adversity and national danger, which was certainly equal to that shown by any other section of the community, for some peculiar reason the Union Jack has been claimed as symbolical of a particular party, and in fact it used to be freely asserted that the one thing that was sure to result from the advent of a Labour Government was the disintegration of the British Empire. That false prophecy was completely shattered by the work and record of the first Labour Government during its very brief period of office.

Another fact worthy of notice is that in that admirable non-party body, the Empire Parliamentary Association, which is engaged in the useful work of exchanging and spreading a real knowledge of the problems concerning the Empire, a larger proportion of the Labour Members of Parliament take an active part than of any other section of the House of Commons. I merely mention this as evidence of the ever-growing interest of our party in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

IMPORTANCE OF MIGRATION.

IN considering the problems of Empire one must keep in mind that with regard to the British Dominions, frequently referred to as the "children," as against ourselves as the "Mother" Country, the status held is that of real self-government. Therefore as "adults" it cannot be expected that the Dominions will always accept our views, even though they may generally be sympathetic. The need is for the highest possible degree of co-operation, and Labour proposes to foster a far closer relationship than exists at present.

In the forefront of the problems of Commonwealth I put the question of migration, which I regard as a voluntary movement of our population. It must, however, be made perfectly clear that migration is by no means a solution to the unemployment problem, although the development of the Dominions would tend to stabilise employment and to improve conditions generally.

EMPIRE'S NEED OF MAN-POWER.

THE first Labour Cabinet successfully negotiated a scheme for settling 3,000 families in Canada, and also the £34,000,000 scheme with Australia. But the strange thing is that although we have over a million-and-a-half workers unemployed in Great Britain, only 50,000 immigrants are arriving in Canada from Britain, as against 100,000 immigrants from foreign countries. This proves the scope that exists, because there can be no doubt that the Dominions prefer British to foreign immigrants.

The natural resources of the



against only one-and-a-half million lbs. from British countries. Yet huge areas of British Africa, India, Egypt, and other districts are admirably suited to cotton cultivation. Then there is tobacco growing, which offers an opportunity today in Rhodesia much greater than that of any other agricultural product. That country is already exporting about twelve million lbs. per annum, in addition to providing for its own domestic requirements and those of South Africa.

Here is an indication of the scope for settlers with a moderate amount of capital; but the early development of the areas mentioned will necessitate big schemes for railway construction and other works, the materials for which, unlike the Singapore Dockyard, will be produced in Great Britain. Thus the whole question opens up great possibilities.

In connection with the need for some additional financial assistance

Mr. J. H. Thomas who graduated into politics by way of the footplate.



"Jim" Thomas, as he is known to his intimates (left), tells a funny story to some of the officials of the Derby Chamber of Commerce, where he is extremely popular on account of his railway connections.

Dominions are almost unlimited, but man-power is essential to their development. In South Africa what is urgently needed are men with a certain amount of capital, and therefore we could hardly look for emigrants to Africa amongst the ranks of our unemployed.

The position in Canada and Australia, however, is quite different, as there, there is a tremendous development in agriculture and mining in process. In fact, all the natural resources that have made America rich are known to abound in Canada.

SCOPE FOR SETTLERS.

TAKE raw cotton: the quantity imported by Great Britain in 1927 from foreign countries was fifteen million lbs. as

for emigrants, the value of their capital expectations under the National Health, Contributory Old Age Pensions, Unemployment and other State Insurances will have to be considered. It seems only fair that insured persons who leave this country to settle permanently overseas should be able to take with them the capital value of their interests in these funds. This is certainly a subject for an arrangement to be made with the Overseas Governments.

In order to promote the principle of trusteeship the Labour Party accepts the principle underlying the Mandate system established by the League of Nations for the whole of the "backward" races in the British Commonwealth.

The Business of being A KING

including the New Dictator of Yugoslavia.

The responsibilities of Kingship in the Balkans are great, and the dangers considerable. Yet the Kings are sincere in the efforts to further the interests of their countries.

By ROSITA FORBES



There is still a tendency among Balkan royalty to adopt the musical comedy type of uniform, which is "apt to be in white and gold." Nevertheless they have a strenuous existence and they know no eight-hour day.

THE general impression of Balkan royalty is a mixture of the Prisoner of Zenda and the Merry Widow. We are apt to imagine any capital between the Carpathians and the Aegean as teeming with brilliant uniforms and gay with the strains of gypsy waltzes! Against this suitable background we visualise plot and counterplot, murder, passion and intrigue, with royalty defiant on the Hollywood-esque steps of a tottering but still spectacular throne!

Once, just before the war, there was a Balkan prince who almost lived up to such an impression. Prince William of Wied, whom the Powers appointed to the unsteady throne of Albania, was so immensely tall that his sky blue uniform ceased to be theatrical.

He received his guests, towering between two gigantic Alsatians, in a very much gilded room florescent with double-headed eagles. His last request to a British Minister, who dodged a considerable number of bullets to reach the palace at all, was for the immediate presence of the British fleet, in order that he might have the pleasure of legally assassinating Essad Pasha, who was directing a more than usually effective revolution from the harem of his Byzantine palace across the street.

ALBANIA'S PEASANT KING.

TO-DAY being a King anywhere is a hard profession, with little leisure to enjoy its emoluments and no union



Prince William of Wied, who reigned for six months in Albania in 1914.

ambition. True, he has a taste for theatrical uniforms and, when he does appear in public, it is apt to be in white and gold, with an aigrette clasped in the front of a snowy astrakhan turban, but he is a serious-minded and well-informed young man whose working day begins at 5 a.m. and ends very late at night.

regulations to limit the hours of work. Being a Balkan King is probably about the hardest task in the world, and one which, owing to Communist or Irredentist activity, puts the greatest strain on health and nerves.

To-day Albania is ruled by a strong-willed young peasant who has proclaimed himself, Zogu the First. A born mountaineer, he has condemned himself to more or less perpetual confinement in his new palace in order to establish an authority beyond reach of jealousy and

Occasionally, about 5 a.m., he escapes from his mulberry-tunic-ed guards—all drawn from his own mountain tribe—and goes for a gallop across the plain, but his freedom is short-lived. Back in the palace, where cranes and pelicans wander about the asphalt paths between blazing scarlet lilies, Zogu spends his day like any other business man in an office.

ALBANIAN MATRIMONIAL CUSTOMS.

When I saw him at nine o'clock one morning his desk was piled with samples of local tobacco and cereals, whose quality he is trying to improve, and with blue prints of marshes to be irrigated. He spoke German and Turkish equally fluently, and his manners were as simple as his khaki uniform. He convinced me that his main interests in life were the political stability and the commercial and industrial development of his country, but he is also a "film fan" and has a private performance every evening in a blue brocade room with French spindle-legged furniture.



Albania's peasant King, Zogu I, who is a hard-working monarch.

Mussolini dreams of marrying him to an Italian princess, and so consolidating an alliance which, so far, has been for the material benefit of both countries, but for many years the Albanian chieftain, in turn minister and president, revolutionary, exile, and King, has been engaged to the daughter of a Bey, who owns the richest lands near El Bassan.

In this still mediæval state engagements are as binding as marriage and, among the mountain tribes, they are sometimes pre-natal. If a girl refuses to carry out the agreement, she is expected to take solemn oath of virginity, after which she lives like a man, wearing the white felt trousers of the clans and carrying a

rifle. She is obliged to take her part in blood feuds and, if she breaks her oath, her erstwhile fiancé is supposed to kill her lover with his own hand!

A CONSERVATIVE MONARCH.

A KING who has inherited his charm of manner from his great ancestor, Louis XIV, is Boris of Bulgaria. For him the throne is as old a job as it is new to Zogu, but he takes it even more simply. Someone was once tactless enough to ask him why he did not marry, and he is said to have replied: "My seat is so unsteady that I should not like to ask anyone else to share it!"

Son of the Coburg Ferdinand who abdicated at the end of what was, to Bulgaria, a disastrous war, for it left the country shorn of land and wealth as well as man-power, Boris the First succeeded to his most difficult position ten years ago, at the age of twenty-four. Since then he has had only one real holiday, spent in driving his own open touring car, incognito, across Europe to visit friends in Scotland!

His youth was spent on a succession of battlefields during three Balkan wars, and he gives the impression of a man who has leaped suddenly from childhood to maturity. He lives exceedingly simply with his young unmarried sister, Princess Eudoxia, and a small staff in a wing of Ferdinand's great palace in Sofia, and he will have nothing changed from one year to another.

At Euxonigrade, an attractive red brick house, built after the style of a French château, with wonderful gardens clambering over the edge of the cliff right down to the Black Sea, he still uses the small bedroom of his boyhood on the second floor. In the centre of one of the rather sombre drawing rooms there is a clumsy piece of Victorian furniture upholstered in mustard yellow. Asked why he did not have the cumbersome object removed, the King looked surprised. "But it's always been there," he replied.



"The most difficult task in the Balkans" is the lot of King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia.

SPORTSMAN AND PATRIOT.

BULGARIA is a peasant democracy, and there is no titular or landed aristocracy, so the King finds friends

among the peasants as much as among an upper class composed of politicians past and present, and a few growing industrialists. Whenever he can escape from the pressing business which keeps him at his desk in Sofia for twice as many hours as the average working man includes in his daily schedule, he disappears into the country.

He has a small pheasant shoot, the only one in Bulgaria, and, as he is a keen sportsman, he spends some of his short respite from ministerial and other crises in the mountains, shooting boar. From personal experience I can vouch for the difficulty of this particular game. The animal is only visible for a second as it hurls itself across a narrow path, twisting, half-overgrown, and bordered by dense forest.

Generally only one aide-de-camp knows where the King is to be found, and that may be in any peasant



Princess Eudoxia of Bulgaria.

cottage or at a farm in the valley of roses, for in his anxiety to know and understand his people, Boris motors about among the villages, eating wherever a friendly meal is offered and, if no other lodging is available, sleeping in his car.

Whenever he crosses the frontier he drops his identity and signs any name that occurs to him, because he considers that out of his own country there is no point in being reminded at every moment of what he calls "his job." It is a job which necessitates an immense amount of patience, for in Bulgaria there is a choice of only two careers, agricultural and ministerial, so every peasant dreams of becoming a deputy, and, with a multitude of political parties, intrigue is inevitable!

A MOTORING ADVENTURE.

King Boris takes life seriously and, with the help of his peasant Prime Minister, whose sense of humour must be as great an asset as his unbounded common sense, he has made the best job in the Balkans out of the worst possible material, and this in spite of Bolshevik eruptions nearly as devastating as the series of earthquakes which turned villages into lakes and destroyed half Philippopolis.



King Boris of Bulgaria, who has "made the best job in the Balkans out of the worst possible material."

Essentially retiring and reserved, in emergency the King is transformed into a man of rapid thought and action. Some time ago, as he motored back to Sofia after a day's shooting, he was fired at from both sides of the road. The chauffeur lost his head and leaped out of the car, which proceeded to run backwards down the hill. A naturalist and a gamekeeper who were sitting in the front of the King were killed. Boris climbed into the front seat and guided the car backwards until a tyre burst and it ran into a telegraph post. A bus was approaching up the precipitous mountain road. Still under fire, the King stopped his vehicle, took the wheel from the terrified driver, turned the clumsy machine, and drove the passengers back into safety.

He always says the unfortunate gamekeeper saved his life twice, for, a few days later, he attended his servant's village funeral instead of the Requiem for a general in the cathedral of Sofia. The cathedral, it will be remembered, was blown up by the Bolsheviks, and two hundred men, women and children were killed.

THE SPORT OF POLITICS.

KING ALEXANDER of Yugoslavia has, perhaps, the most difficult task in the Balkans, for he rules fourteen million people of whom only a third are Serbs. There is but one sport in his country (which is a loose confederation of states comprising a dozen different races, religions, tongues and points of view) and that is politics! However, typical of his fighting race, King Alexander is a man. He knows what he wants and he means to get it. By the way, with the exception of Zogu, he is the only local royalty ruling in the Balkans, for the others are of German extraction, their ancestors having been elected to reign over the small principalities freed from Ottoman rule.

Alexander is a Kageorovitch, which great Serbian house played Montague to the Capulet of the Obrenovitches, the ill-fated dynasty terminated by the slaughter of another King Alexander and Queen Draga in the palace at Belgrade.

FRENCH PRINTS

and the Men who made them

By R. H. WILENSKI

THE forthcoming sale at Sotheby's of French Colour prints "from the collection of a nobleman" is certain to surpass all records for French eighteenth century prints by Janinet, De Bucourt, Boilly and other artists of the period—though moderate impressions of the most famous prints by these artists already cost £500 apiece and especially fine or rare examples cost from twice to five or six times that sum.



"Marie Antoinette." A colour print by Janinet after Gautier-Dagoty, that was taboo during the French Revolution.

"LES ESTAMPES GALANTES."

THE French *estampes galantes*, so subtly erotic, so essentially modish, so exquisitely engraved in line and colour, were produced by men who thought of art as an affair of graceful furniture for the boudoir of a lady or a "young person," and who thought that the subject of a picture should be calculated to encourage Gilded Youth and Beauty to seize the pleasure of the passing hour.

The prints speak to us the language of pre-Revolutionary French Society—and, unfortunately for the artists, they spoke the same language to the fervent Republicans of the Revolution. As typical of the old régime the art produced in the reign of Louis XVI was frowned upon by the Revolutionaries and there was a moment when it was as much as a man's life was worth to engrave or sell a *sujet grivois*.

ART AND REVOLUTION.

THE Revolutionary reaction against the light graceful art of the eighteenth century print was partly of a politico-moral and partly of an æsthetic character; and one

A forthcoming sale of 18th century prints by French artists, who lived through the Revolution, provides a theme which will be of interest to art lovers and others.

man, Louis David, played a considerable part in it.

Two years before the Revolution David received a commission to paint a classical subject and he proposed "Coriolanus Spurning the People." The patron was not enthusiastic and David then proposed "Junius Brutus Returning to his Home after the Execution—by his own Orders and under his own Eyes—of his Two Sons for Conspiring to Restore Tyranny."

This picture was exhibited in the Salon in 1789 and David found himself acclaimed as the "Artist of the Revolution." When he recovered from his surprise he found the rôle to his liking and throwing himself into Revolutionary politics he became virtually art dictator for several years; as such he organised Revolutionary fêtes and processions, painted pictures commemorating the murder of Marat and the death of the boy Bara, and abolished the Academy; as such also he established the imitation of the art of Greece and Rome and the emulation of the presumed virtues of the Republican antiquity as the essential character of the new Revolutionary art.

BOILLY AND MOREAU-LE-JEUNE.

BUT the austere neo-classic propaganda art of David was never really popular; and the older artists were faced with two alternatives—the production of work in the new style, which was everywhere acclaimed, but which nobody would buy, or the continuation of the light art of the *ancien régime* which was still secretly admired and enjoyed.

One artist who attempted to design colour prints in the old style was Louis Leopold Boilly and he was denounced to the terrible *Comité du Salut Public*. Fortunately he was warned in time; he destroyed all the gay pictures in his studio and when the inquisitors arrived they found him hard at work on a patriotic composition depicting the triumph of Marat—then at the height of his popularity and power. A number of gay prints after his designs are included in next month's sale.

Moreau-le-Jeune, who had drawn and engraved the "Coronation of Louis XVI" and designed the celebrated prints known as "Le Monu-



"L'aveu difficile" ("The Difficult Confession") by Janinet after Lavreince. Good impressions of this colour print, produced on the eve of the Revolution, are now worth about £1,000.

ment du Costume" was an ardent supporter of the Revolution, and he tried to adapt his style to the classical compositions then demanded; but his hand would not be adjusted and he was never able to work successfully in any but his original manner; he lived in poverty through the Revolution and the Empire until, a few months before his death in 1814, Louis XVIII endowed him with the office of *Dessinateur du Cabinet du Roi* which he had held in the old days under Louis XVI.

GREUZE AND FRAGONARD.

UNDER the *ancien régime* a certain number of artists were given studios and living rooms in the Louvre, and both Greuze and Fragonard were living there when the Revolution broke out. Greuze was sixty-four and Fragonard was fifty-seven. Greuze,



"Les deux baisers" ("The Two Kisses"), a colour print designed and engraved by De Bucourt. An example of this print was recently sold for £4,080.



"La Rose," by De Bucourt. A typical example of "L'estampe galante." The colouring is mainly pink with blue-green trees. It was produced the year before the Revolution.

who had made a considerable fortune, had not been exhibiting for some years; he remained in retirement throughout the Revolution in the course of which all his investments fell to nothing. He tried, without success, to recapture attention under the Consulate and died in poverty the year after Napoleon's coronation.

Fragonard, who was also rich, attempted to propitiate the new powers. His wife was among the women who brought her jewels to the National Assembly in 1789; and he tried to print pictures that would be acceptable. But the painter of "The Swing" (in the Wallace Collection) and the decorator of the apartments of the notorious Mlle. Guimard was not made for propaganda art in the neo-classic style and he found the task of painting "The Senate Assembled to Decide on Peace or War" a most uncongenial occupation for his middle age; also, like Greuze, he found his income very much reduced. But he had friends in all walks of life; David himself looked after him and he managed to pull through right up to the Empire when Napoleon abolished the studios in the Louvre, and Fragonard, at the age of seventy-four, had to look for fresh lodgings. The old artist found the lodgings but he only lived for a few months to use them.

JANINET'S MASTERPIECES.

A PRINT that was taboo under the Terror was, of course, Janinet's portrait of Marie Antoinette in a blue satin dress and blue head-dress crowned with plumes after the painting by Gautier-Dagoty. A fair impression of this print was recently sold for £518.

Janinet was one of the most skilful of the French engravers in colours. He was born in the reign of Louis XV, lived like Moreau le Jeune to the year before Waterloo, and, like the other artists referred to above, he was forced during the Terror to the production of classical subjects and to engravings of *Liberté, Égalité*, and so forth. His most famous

prints are after watercolours by a Parisianised Swede named Lavreince. Three such, *L'Aveu difficile*, *La Comparaison*, and *L'Indiscretion*, all produced on the very eve of the Revolution, are in the forthcoming sale. Examples of the two last were recently sold for £2,600.

COLOUR PRINT RECORD.

THE record price, as my knowledge goes, for a French colour print is the £4,080 paid some time ago for an example of *Les Deux Baisers*, engraved by De Bucourt from his own design. In this print we see an old man seated before a painting of himself embracing his lady-love, while the original behind his back offers her hand to be kissed by the painter.

Other celebrated prints by De Bucourt are *La Rose*, showing a young man on his knees to a girl in a garden, and the companion piece, *La Main*, where the lover is accepted; and *La Promenade publique* (drawn and engraved in 1792), where the artist has immortalised a moment of peace between two storms of the Revolution when the Parisians reverted to their old custom of promenading in the garden of the Palais Royal—a custom which he had already depicted five years before in a print called *La Galerie du Palais Royal*.

De Bucourt, born like Janinet in the reign of Louis XV, lived to within five years of the accession of Queen Victoria; like the others, he could not ignore the Revolution, and he produced a portrait of Lafayette and a "National Almanack" a few years later.

THE DESCENDANTS OF TER BORCH.

IT is not easy to assess the real artistic value of these prints. Technically, as craft, both the line engravings and the colour prints are indisputably excellent. But the art they embody has often been described as trivial and improper.

To judge them, we must realise, at first, their genesis. The *scènes galantes*, in the



"La Main," a companion picture to "La Rose," showing the accepted suitor kissing his lady's hand. In the margin there is a separate little engraving of a Cupid.

open air, derive from Watteau (who derives from Rubens and Dirck Hals), and the interiors derive from Dutch seventeenth century painters like Metsu and Ter Borch. These Dutch "genre" painters, as we can see to-day at Burlington House, took for their subject the clothes and furniture of the Dutch upper classes. They painted the satin skirts, the silver candlesticks, the puppy dogs, with extreme fidelity.

A hundred years later the French designers of the *estampes galantes* took the Dutch *tableau de modes*—a lifeless transcript in mother-of-pearl—and imbued it with life. The French artists not only described the clothes and furniture of French society of their day, but they also described an aspect of life, and described it with exquisite refinement, irresistible charm, and delicate erotic spice.

THE WISDOM OF JEAN BLAISE.

IN *Les Dieux ont soif*—where Anatole France has evoked Paris under the Terror with such amazing intuition that we believe him more than all the historians in the world—there is a printseller called Jean Blaise, who will invest no money in pictures in the Revolutionary neo-classic revolutionary style. "The citizens' ardour for regeneration," he says to a young artist, "will cool with time, but men will always like pretty women. Draw me pink women, with small hands and feet."

It was this view of life that the French artists of these prints depicted to perfection; and it is this view which gives them the vivacity that we miss alike in the works of their Dutch forerunners of the seventeenth, and their English imitators—like Marcus Stone and Maude Goodman—of the nineteenth century.

These prints may not, of course, be to the liking of everyone today. We have grown accustomed to other and very different forms of art, but whether we like them or not there can be no doubt whatever of their exquisite qualities.



"Le Tambourin," by Descourtis after Taunay. This print shows the influence of the Dutch school on French art.

A Pick of the Book Market

IT looks as if the ex-Kaiser, in his Castle of Doorn, were in for the worst fate that can befall a fallen monarch, the itch to write, in order to put himself right with the world. He has done a history of his ancestors on the idea that they were called by God to govern and so could not go wrong. He was desperately angry when Sir Frederick Ponsonby published his mother's letters here in the winter and talked of "injuncting" them. Now he has written a preface for the German edition and it will give us his version of a mother and son who sometimes saw very differently.

LORD HALDANE'S MEMOIRS.

NATURALLY Viscount Haldane has something to say about the ex-Kaiser in his autobiography, for he had various meetings with him. The friendship, as it was supposed to be, did Richard Burdon Haldane no good in the racking years of the Great War. But all that nonsense had blown away when, with death looking over his shoulder, he sat down to write his reminiscences. They tell of one thing that was a high consolation to him; of how Earl Haig, after riding through London with the King in the victory procession after peace, called and left him a volume of his war dispatches. He opened it and found it inscribed: "To the greatest Secretary for War England has ever had."

BIOGRAPHIES OF EARL HAIG.

THERE is, apparently, to be more than one biography of Earl Haig, for General Charteris, who saw much of him in the field, has completed such a work, while General Maurice, at the request of Lady Haig, is to undertake another. "And what," somebody will say, "about the secret diaries which Haig, in his will, instructed should be handed to the British Museum for safe keeping?"

There has been a misunderstanding in that affair, for people thought: "Ah, here are records so revealing that they can't be published for years." Really the diaries, so called, are a detailed, authoritative account of the war as Haig fought it and so history for posterity, not revelations.

LUDWIG'S ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN was a statesman, not a soldier, but how valuable, if we had it, would be his chronicle of the American Civil War. Herr Emil Ludwig would have welcomed it for the biography, on the now familiar Ludwig lines, which he has been writing of Lincoln and which Putnam will publish.

Much more enterprising was a literary venture which two Frenchmen, Messieurs Feval and Lassez, conceived a little time ago.

They asked themselves, "What happened to D'Artagnan and his comrades during the time between 'The Three Musketeers' and 'Twenty Years After'?" They got to work on the lines of Dumas and produced

YOUR LIBRARY LIST.

Life of Lord Pauncefoot, by R. B. MOWATT. Constable, 16s.

Crusaders: THE REMINISCENCES OF CONSTANCE SMEDLEY, Duckworth, 15s.

Archbishop Davidson and the English Church, by SIDNEY DARK, Philip Allan, 8s. 6d.

The Socialist Woman's Guide to Intelligence, by MRS. LE MESURIER, Benn, 5s.

Tryphena, by EDEN PHILLPOTTS, Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.

The Rogue's Moon, by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, Cassell, 7s. 6d.

Fire Down Below, by MARGARET IRWIN, Heinemann, 7s. 6d.

two books and they have two more in hand with the Longmans, one called "The Secret of the Bastille," the other "The Heritage of Buckingham," so an Englishman is in this gallery.

A NEW HISTORICAL NOVEL.

MEANWHILE there is at all libraries and bookshops, as the advertisements used to say, an admirable historical novel by a writer, Mr. D. L. Murray, who is new to some of us, "The Bride Adorned." It concerns Rome when the Temporal Power was going out and, as it happens, Mussolini and the Pope are at present on negotiations for its return on an insignificant

scale. The colour and atmosphere of Rome are things by themselves, untranslatable almost into words as anyone knows who has wandered the Seven Hills, looked into the brown face of the Tiber or heard the lin-lan-lone of the Roman evening bells.

But Mr. Murray succeeds, as Marion Crawford succeeded before him, and in token of it, take this passage:—

They saw Rome stretched before them in the wan light that precedes the falling of the dusk; a lonely mere of grey and lichenous roofs, pierced at short intervals by dome and tower and column which pointed silently upon a fading sky. No sound could be heard but the whisper of leaves on the ruins, and, from time to time, some peddling beggar's cry which rose mournfully from the ancient lanes below them.

Said Angela, one of the characters of "The Bride Adorned," "it is like watching a death-bed. Will no life run again in those veins of stone?" "Do you lack eyes to see its life?" asked her companion, a Frenchman. "It is still, because the Prince of Peace has come." You see, Mr. Murray can not only describe but convey personality, whether that of Rome or of people, and, for the rest, he tells a good tale.

"PENELOPE'S MAN."

ANOTHER novel worth getting is "Penelope's Man," by Mr. John Erskine, an American scholar—like

By JAMES MILNE

Mr. Thornton Wilder, he is that—whodelightened us with "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." He took the red-headed Helen and made her into a capita romance, wherein he preserved the sense of actuality. Now, in the Odyssey, he finds an excuse for another satire of a sly and amiable kind, for, whereas Homer made Ulysses a hero, he swears that he was just an ordinary man. Nay, he was not above dallying in the boudoir of Calypso, and he was in no hurry at all to hurry home to Penelope.

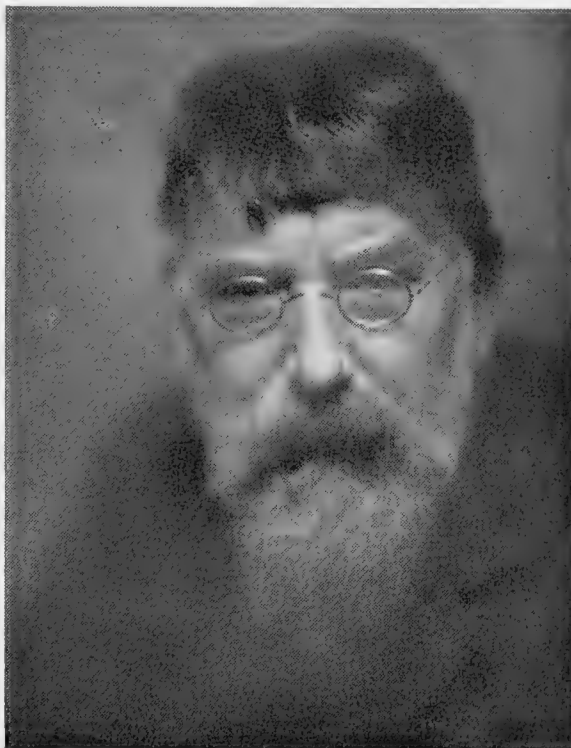
Ulysses is made so gallant that he would have relished her if she had been the heroine of a rather beautiful first story, "Vivandière," which Martin Secker publishes from the pen of Miss Phoebe Fenwick Gaye. She makes the French *vivandière* a creature of courage, fidelity and sincerity, what she was, and not the sentimental being she is often painted. Colonel W. I. Drury would approve Miss Gaye's lass of the regiment, and he has written first-ratedly about that intriguing arm the Marines. His flag-lieutenant of a successful play is still in being, for did we not, a week or two ago, have from Chapman and Hall his further adventures under the title "The Flag Lieutenant in China."

A MEMORY OF AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE veterans in story-writing come back, and they come back in miraculous ways. We have a recently commenced, clever, publisher who says that a few months ago Mr. M. P. Shiel and his novels, some of them with a fine "gru," were unknown to him. He is to make up for that by republishing the tales, and if that is for Mr. Shiel, why not something of the sort for Austin Dobson, who may also have escaped youth at the helm?

There can be no further excuse for it, however, because his son, Mr. Alban Dobson, has written a sort of memoir of him, published by the Oxford Press; not a real memoir, which the father prohibited, but just some notes which include contributions from Professor Saintsbury and the late Sir Edmund Gosse. He and "Dobbie" were colleagues, ever so long ago, in the Board of Trade, an unlikely garden, one would think, for jingling verse and poetic prose, only you never know.

Anyhow, there's a lot of good reading in Austin Dobson.



A FAMOUS IRISH WRITER.

"A.E.," who is Mr. George W. Russell; a fine photograph by Mr. Pirie MacDonald of New York, given in "Photograms of the Year" (Iliffe).

THE RESURRECTION of CHEB



Synopsis.

... He feels he could wring her neck and pitch her into the gorge, for has she not dragged him from the sublime to the ridiculous? ...

WHEN war broke out Rupert Blaire had everything a man can desire; a profession promising a brilliant career, enthusiasm, boundless ambition, and a wife loved and loving. . . . When the war was over his wife was dead, his career gone, hope gone, and pluck exhausted. The man's old self is buried somewhere away from the sight of men. There would seem to be no way in which it can be born again. In despair Rupert Blaire goes down to Sussex and on the top of Bury Hill takes from his pocket a revolver. Since life holds nothing for him, he argues, he will end it. As he fondles the bright weapon, two eyes watch him from a distance. . . . he moves forward, to the particular spot he has chosen for his end, and . . . there in front of him is a woman. . . . "I thought no one knew this spot but me" he said. The ugly spell is broken. They talk. She is writing a book. Would he care to read some of her work. . . . and Rupert Blaire begins to read. . . .

HER writing pad and pencils and leather case are where she dropped them when she heard him coming towards her. She squats to gather them, and a bright notion gets her.

"Would you care to read some of my stuff?" with airy petulance, playacting every bit of it.

He hasn't enough guts left to decline, so mulishly he thinks he would. She makes

room for him at the end of the little grass bench, but as he meekly moves, obedient, to her side, she suddenly darts to the other. Why? So that the left pocket of his coat shall be next to her.

Not alone Cheb but Eve herself must be chuckling now.

He squats and she offers him the pad. "Now read slowly—there's no hurry, and please don't giggle."

HE reads, or affects to read—blindly. Rupert Blaire is at the mercy of a greater force than any within himself, and he does not know it. With utter guile the girl's fingers creep for a touch of that hideous thing so close to her. Yes! it's there! If Fate will only keep her itching fingers steady. She takes her time, bumps against him, leans over him, pointing to this phrase and chattering about that. Softly her hand creeps into the pocket. Luck is holding—the weight of the weapon is on the bench, not on the garment.

She leans more heavily against him. At that moment he flicks over a page and on

By Douglas Murray

Illustrations by J. DEWAR MILLS

the instant the deed is done. Craftily she passes her right hand behind her back to the security of her left, chattering volubly.

"I think I can read you better if you don't interrupt," he snaps. Oh! Cheb, old chap—bless you for that.

"Then I'll leave you to it," she snaps back, and pretending to be piqued she vanishes into the wood.

Faintness gets her the instant the tension breaks, but she is keyed up too taut for that sort of nonsense. She scrapes away the leaf mould which carpets the earth and buries the beastly thing in safety. Five minutes later she returns to the reader, triumphant and serene.

Cheb must be enjoying it immensely. So is she, in the first flush of a triumph which she does not understand and is too inexperienced to govern.

BUT give a thought to poor Rupert. Fancy driving one's life to the last despairing pitch of endurance and resolve, and then to be hurled into sheer impotence by a child. Were she plain, or freckled, or in any way ordinary, he feels he could wring her neck and pitch her into the gorge, for has she not dragged him from the sublime to the ridiculous?

Being human he loses his temper which in him is but the visible sign that he has lost his pluck. "I wonder if you realise that you're disarming me!"

According to the popular estimation of the modern young miss this should have sent her into a fit of hysterics; in reality it sobers her—she sees in it a problem that is beyond her. What shall she do now? She hasn't the faintest notion, and there is that calamitous thing known as "an awkward pause."

"What's the time?" she asks desperately.

"I never carry it—it has no meaning to me."

"O—h! Then you can take me home and I'll give you some tea." She hastens to pack up her masterpiece. "We get muffins on Tuesdays. D'you like—muffins?"

As rudely and as leisurely as he can he assures her that he detests muffins.

"That's very funny," she warbles, "so does Auntie. She likes something she can crunch. You'll love her."

This, of course, is the end of everything. The world is off its axis; logic, reason, perspective, dignity are overboard. Rupert gives in—digs his hands into his trousers pockets (Note—*not* his jacket pockets, see what Fate can do when he has a mind to!), sticks out his legs, and defies the eternal Cosmos. If the Heavens were to open and the graves give up their dead Rupert Blaire would be unmoved—now!

The girl has been seeking something and finds it. "I suppose you know you've dug my pencils into the turf, and probably broken the points?"

He lugs out the infernal pencils and tosses them across the void.

"Yes! Both broken. Now what are we going to do!"

"Going—home—to—tea, you said, and—eat—muffins!" He intones it, not particularly to her, but to Creation at large.

"Then come on. It looks as if it's going to rain."

This brings him to his feet—bull mad. "Now look here! I don't know who you are, or *what* you are. I don't want to love your Aunt, and I will *not* eat muffins, but if by taking you home I can rid myself of you—for ever, I'm ready."

"Then hold the case." She stuffs it into his hand and turns aside to a convenient spot, to attend to a refractory suspender. A moment later they are descending the hill at a fine pace.

TIME may be nothing to this mad hatter, but it is everything to her. Auntie means salvation, once get the business into the orbit of this particular Auntie—the Auntie who likes to crunch things, the rest is—well, the rest need not be anticipated.

As for Rupert, this is an interlude which carries no meaning. He will escort the precious young person beyond the range of his own activities, and there's an end of her. But not yet—half-way down the hill he stops so suddenly that she is four paces ahead before she detects it. He is dabbing frantic fingers into all sorts of pockets.

This is catastrophic and more playacting seems to be called for. "What's the matter now?"

"I've lost something—left it behind—must go back."

"Oh—don't—go—back," she screams, but he has flung down the case and is tearing up the hill again. She sees him disappear over the brow and mechanically saunters back herself. For two pins she'd leave him to it. After all, he'll never find it.

Blaire is rushing over his tracks, searching every inch. He has covered the ground for the third time when she creeps into view.

"Oh! My God," he groans.

"What—*are*—you—doing?" she moans.

"I tell you I've lost something, don't I!"

"Is it worth all this bother?"

"For God's sake go home, and leave me in peace."

Defiantly she squats on the grass which seems to denote that she won't go home. He searches again, disappears and returns again, and pulls up definitely, facing her.

"You *refuse* to go away, do you?"

"I do. You've spoilt my afternoon, and I won't go unless you come with me." What *can* he do! He snatches the case out of her hand and surrenders.

ROSE Cottage is close to the water splash. She opens the gate for him to pass

through. A couple of garden chairs under a gay Japanese umbrella on the little lawn.

"If you'll sit down for one moment, I'll see what's what." Then a frantic rush indoors, and three frantic minutes with an Auntie who is utterly unable to make head or tail of the story. Out of the gabble emerges a "dangerous man" who doesn't eat muffins but has looked in for a cup of tea, then something about a loaded revolver which she has wrested from him on the edge of a precipice; cunning attempts to escape from her vigilance—well, it's all mildly exciting, and as the poor ruffian is seated on the lawn she will certainly investigate. The afternoon is not going to be as dull as she expected.

And the kid, breathlessly watching from behind a curtain, sees more wonderful happenings.

Aunt Mary and the man are staring at each other, dumbfounded. Then there is a handshake of undoubted fervour, a shake which beginning slowly develops into a hold-on with the left hand in affectionate support. They are talking, but so low and earnest that not a blessed word filters in through the window.

Emotion is in the air, the man covers his eyes with his hands and Aunt Mary—a lady who hates dogs and has never stroked a cat in her life—actually links her arm in his and leads him away through the apple trees. And nothing more is to be seen by the anxious little darling upstairs.

It isn't cricket. A miracle may be in course of evolution but by all the rules of the game this miracle is here, and here is Aunt Mary getting away with it and stealing her thunder. Beastly.

She takes it out of Martha in the kitchen, and prepares the tea. There are bound to be developments and her chance will come, but the clock, with the strident chimes, strikes six and there are no signs from the orchard. She devours the muffins; takes Martha's opinion of Life in general; tells the canary, who starts an obligato in E flat, to shut up, and generally exhibits a state of mind which is highly excusable.

Half-past six!

Seven!

At five minutes past the hour Martha ventures



to assert that it's a funny world. It assuredly is, for there the two of them are, still in excitable conversation, on the edge of the lawn again. Mercifully the kid has a sense of humour. She sails deliberately to the open door and flings out a hearty peal of derisive laughter; that's as far as she dare go in conveying to Auntie what she thinks of it all.

And what she thinks is of little concern. This is her counter-attack, and it fails, fails because she is but a pawn in the manoeuvres of a master tactician. And the name of that tactician is Cheb.

WHEN Mary Pollock crossed the lawn to interview her guest she was utterly indifferent to the summer nonsense of her

niece, but the instant recognition of Blaire, and the first glint of his eye revealed the truth that here was tragedy indeed. Her quick wit and amazing intelligence saved a very awkward situation.

Curious how the old relationship comes back to both of them. Curious how swift is the readjustment of values; more curious how each reassesses the true worth of the other. The mental dominance of the woman, the mental bankruptcy of the man. Years ago the barrier of employment stood between them. Now—well, destiny has joined them in issue again, and until this hour neither had heard a word of the other.

So tactful of her to lead him to the security of her little garden. She could have guessed his story—better that he should tell it; and he tells it. Any man could tell anything to Mary Pollock. And within the hour she is master of all his disillusion, blunders, indiscretions—the whole pluckless, pointless struggles of a disheartened man.

Twelve weary years of it, from the moment he chucked up the sponge in Victoria Street until the moment he reached the Beacon on Bury Hill that very afternoon.

It is at this point in the revelation that the girl's laugh rings out. It is a timely intervention, but Mary Pollock is far too astute a creature to have permitted the confessional climax, even if he were weak enough to make it.

as to what did actually happen on the hill. When Blaire stumbles down to the parlour, bereft of thought or aim, Mary has the whole pickle clearly defined. Cheb has thrown this mysterious bundle of contradictions at her feet, and she accepts the challenge which it implies.

TEA is an agony. Freda does her little best but gives it up. Mary is engrossed. Blaire is blank, empty—null. What can he do? Every boat is burned, every retreat cut off, every intention balked. Fortunately there is the river—miserable weapon for a soldier to come to. Or—he *could* go back to the hanger and search again in the morning.

By accident—and the fact that Freda has vanished, the talk shifts back to office days, and the poor wretch brightens up a bit.

"We never finished our bridge, did we?"

What a stroke. It must have come straight from the gods, and the woman grips it in a flash. "*Our* bridge!" and she laughs. "You loved that bridge, didn't you!"

"Yes! I—I felt it would have been our masterpiece."

Her eyes are flashing in triumph—she has got him now. "Why *our*?"

"You loved it too," he ventures, "didn't you?" She laughs again. "Why do you laugh?"

"Because I finished that bridge for you."

He is completely blank. "You were so earnest about it—you felt so sure, and I felt so sure. I hated to think that if you never came back—" His gaze is so piteous. How he wishes he had never come back.

she doesn't venture to interrupt. "I don't remember this one." He looks up questioningly but she leaves him alone. Let the potion work.

Presently she helps. "What is it that bothers you?"

"I can't detect where I left off and you began."

"It's *all* yours. You did it the last day—the day you—" but that is a bad touch and she retrieves—"only the colouring is mine. It was that sheet that encouraged me, it left me nothing but to complete what you had created. What do you think of it—now?"

He hardly dares to think and it comes in a whisper. "It's pretty good, isn't it?" And his eyes glisten with the assurance that it's mighty good. "The columns on the centre buttress—just a little too slight, not—quite—er—not—quite! The ballustrading a wee bit too heavy—perhaps."

How surely she has got him! "I thought so too. Why not—why not get it—as perfect as you intended it to be?"

God! What a notion; and what crushing irony. His look at her is so piteous again in its appeal, and she is so quick, so wonderfully quick.

"I've got a board and a full case of instruments, and all your scales—you forget, you gave me your scales as a memento."

"Did I?"

Oh! Cheb, old chap—what is this dream? This man's barriers are down, his fields uncultivated, his ditches clogged! Is this Hope—returning! Wounded and foot-weary—like himself!

ACROSS the heavens rolls a long low peal of thunder. The sky has darkened, and they have not noticed. And the rain! "Rain afore night—certain!" Big single drops, outriders of the storm that the Gaffer promised. Big drops that drum upon the panes.

He goes to watch them. Even the elements are closing in. What can he do now? Where can he turn?

"I must go, Miss Pollock—before the storm bursts. If—if I'm quick I can—I can—" His helpless, hopeless eyes are on hers again, but they do not see.

"Yes!"

"Perhaps I can—"

"—stay here," she finishes softly.

"Impossible!" from a throat fast losing its functions.

"How silly. Of course you'll stay."

"I—can't—stay. I tell you, woman, it's impossible." He has reached the summit of assurance and resolve, but her summit is higher.

"Nothing is impossible. I say you'll stay. You've told me your story—up to a point, as far as you *could* tell it, and I can finish it for you. You didn't lose what you think you lost, up on the hill. It was taken from your pocket by the gods. You can't show the white feather to the gods, Mr. Blaire; they don't like it. You're too fine a man—too accomplished, to be beaten—like this."

Smothered again.

She turns quite calmly to the head of the stairs. "Freda! Freda!"

"Yes! sweet one. What is your royal pleasure?" warbles up from below.

"Take Martha and get the spare room ready. Mr. Blaire is going to stay the night."

"We've already started, darling." Oh! the delicious effrontery of these bright young things. "We're airing a pair of your best silk pyjamas because we knew he's got no luggage."



"... You refuse to go away—do you? ..."

"I do—You've spoilt my afternoon, and I won't go unless you come with me ..."

"Freda! Come here, darling. This is Mr. Rupert Blaire."

How clever. Derision smashed by the flick of a feather. Take heed, you scorpions of the fiery tongue!

Freda comes here and takes his hand.

"Freda, I was wrong. I do love Auntie." Oh! happy laughter, and Cheb on the hill is joining in. "We are old friends Miss Pollock and I, but—"

"Darling, what about some tea?" Mary doesn't like "buts."

"Well, what about it! Do you know the time? Mr. Blaire doesn't."

And so they go in. Freda in a rush to direct matters, Mary to send the poor devil to the bath room—to tidy up. In truth so that she can have a hurried word with Freda

"Would you—would you care to see what I made of it? I did my best—a poor best, of course, but it did give me—I mean it was fun. Would you?"

He is on his feet clutching at this little touch-hold with the past. Would he!

"Then come upstairs." They both fly up. Into her room, her bedroom. "Up there—in that big roll—can you reach it—take this chair." And out upon the bed they unwind and lay the blessed sheets—crisp, double-elephant Whatman sheets—Road Plan. High Water—Low Water Plan. Elevations. Sections—Details galore.

NO need for talk; the man is engulfed. Sheet after sheet he scans, swiftly, referring one to the other—this to that, and

Mary beams, not because of the effrontery (which is really rather enjoyable), but because she recognises that her training has not been wasted.

Nothing that has emanated from Mary Pollock has ever been wasted.

UP in the hanger on Bury Hill—the loveliest hill in Sussex—Something is stirring.

The Gaffer brings down the news, and the village is agape with

"You—did!" gasped the village.

"I did 'an' all," he said, "I ain't skeered, and ther ain't goin' to be no damned capers in t' hanger, if I can 'elp ut."

"And did yer find nought?" gasped the village.

"Nothun! but I 'eard some-thun—I 'eared someone or some-thun a-runnin'—a-runnin' away from me, laughin' all the time. An' it was pritty laughter, mind yer—pritty!"

... and out upon the bed they unwind and lay the sheets—crisp, double-elephant Whatman sheets—Road Plan—Elevations, Sections—Details galore . . .



it. When Gaffer speaks the village listens, and his story is a queer one.

As he came over the brow, just by the Beacon, he heard laughter. He swears he heard it and coming from the hanger. He'd never heard such laughter—it was like music, he said. Nobody in Bury ever laughed like that or he'd have recognised it. He stopped and listened, because the rain and the gusts of the storm made such a row, and yet the laughter was quite clear. So he—he went into the hanger.

'P'raps it was a gurl," somebody suggested awfully.

"It weren't no gurl an' no boy neither," asserted the oracle, conclusively; "it was just pritty."

WAS it Cheb? They do say in works of high Philosophy which deal with these mighty things that without Hope and without Courage in the heart of a man no Cherub can serve his Master.

It was Cheb.

Concluded.

Next Week's Features.

LORD BIRKENHEAD

ON

A Topic of the Week.

HILAIRE BELLOC

ON

"Living By Banking."

Commander the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P.

ON

"Air and Empire."

A SHORT STORY

BY

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH.

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WOMAN'S SECTION

Edited by Julia Cairns

EVERYWHERE, to-day, we look for Beauty—Beauty in its every facet, and whether it be in herself, in others, or in her surroundings, modern woman is foremost in its appreciation.



Peter North

We question what is Beauty? Is it the concrete? Is it the abstract, or both? To each his own interpretation, be he sculptor or painter, musician or poet. Woman may be sheer loveliness objects d'art may crystallise the fleeting phantoms of the artist's mind. And together they may compose a picturesqueness akin to the brief beauty of Nature, for "if beauty lived for ever it would die; and seen for ever would be seen no more."

Beauty through the Ages

HEIRESS to no one special epoch, but re-incarnated through all centuries, to-day as yesterday, a new beauty bursts upon the world, bringing with her a school of imitators.

By Donald Clayton Calthrop.



A Beauty of our own time. Lady Diana Cooper, as she appeared on the films in Reinhardt's "Miracle."

THEY change, do women, from Mother Eve to the Flapper. They change, and change swiftly, almost secretly. Would men admire Mona

Lisa now, or go mad over Cleopatra, or rave about the Pompadour? I think so. In Pageants, Fancy Dress Balls, on the stage, old beauty comes to life again. Here is your Victorian with her early-morning prettiness; here is your dainty rogue in porcelain; your hooped lady of St. James's, who arrived, I'll swear, in a sedan-chair; here is the lady of wimple and crissing-pins; your Plantagenet Vere de Vere. They have stepped out of the past, and the past is with you.

Ann of Bohemia had her eyebrows plucked out; Cleopatra bobbed her hair, wore short skirts, and used no corsets. Dido held men in her thrall, but so did Catherine of Russia, and Phryne with her lovely nakedness; and ladies with bustles stirred the hearts of mankind.

"A fine woman, sir, a devilish fine woman," said our fathers, who liked ripe barmaids, and their fathers admired the women of the Empire, like Josephine, and their fathers liked and loved women with towers of greased and powdered hair, with beauty-spots on their painted faces. Fat and thin, they all have their turn.

Daphne and Chloe have

their day as imitation shepherdesses; Miss Greenery-Yallerys have their backboneless hour; Dianas their hunting-season; and all the time the moralist lurks about ready to point with his smutty finger at bathing-dresses, corsets, or the lack of them, or anything which gives the freedom of health, light, air or free movement.

A new beauty bursts upon the world. She is hymned by poets, limned by painters, holds her own Court, and brings about a school of imitators.

KNOWS NO LAW.

BEAUTY must have the proper surroundings; a cottage beauty loses something of her dew-wet sweetness in great rooms; chambermaids never make fine ladies, though they be as pretty as marmalade.

There is the wonderful beauty of

young children, the beauty of sweet seventeen, the beauty of the young bride, of the young mother, of the woman in her forties and fifties, and the beauty of the dignity of old age. Nothing so completely destroys



Da Vinci has immortalised the fifteenth century ideal of beauty in his painting of Mona Lisa.



La Marquise de Pompadour, the favourite of Louis XV, possessed both wit and beauty. From the painting by Boucher.

beauty all through the ages as discontent. A shrewish look begins to appear with an embittered voice, charm vanishes, and at last the Law Courts and the Police Courts hear the painful story.

Beauty in women knows no law and has no seasons. It has a vogue. This vogue is sometimes the invention of an artist. He paints one or two pictures of a certain type of woman; they catch the public fancy, and lo! and behold, out of the shadows hundreds of such women step into the limelight. Witness, for instance, the Gibson Girl.

There are women who become renowned for their hands or their feet or their hair. There are women celebrated for their sweet innocence, like Simonetta Vespucci, the daughter of the man who gave America its name, Amerigo; or for their cruelty, like the sister of Caesar Borgia; for their beautiful goodness, like Elizabeth Fry; for their gamin type, like Nell Gwynne; for their tragic type, like

Mrs. Siddons. Yet, despite this, the Simonettas will go to fancy-dress balls as Queen Elizabeth, and the Mrs. Siddons women as Pierrette. Truth to tell, woman needs a man and a mirror to tell her what she is or who she is.

FROM MYSTERY TO HEALTH.

SOME time ago there was a craze for looking mysterious. Women appeared in sheaths of black; they had dead-white faces and scarlet lips. They suggested some potent evil drug. Suddenly it became the fashion to look healthy. Did these women suddenly wash and use artificial sunburn, or did they emigrate to the island where dead beauties go?

Is it all a fraud, and are we blind to an art of which mere men know nothing, being children in the hands of Eve? Can a fair-haired Tuscan beauty suddenly look like a Spanish woman? It would seem so. What has become of dear old ladies, those sweet apple-cheeked darlings in lace caps? Are they banging about now in short tweed skirts in silk stockings, carrying a bag of golf-clubs? I think so. I think age is out of date. What brand of cigarettes are you smoking, Granny? Gaspers?

Is it farewell for ever to the foam of frothy lace petticoats, to the modestly cast-down eyes, to—"Oh, Mr. Brown, this is so sudden!" Or shall the maiden in meditation fancy free come back to shame the loud-voiced, cocktail-party girl?

Once it was considered beautiful to have a generous supply of adipose tissue, to be rather statuesque, to have noticeable hips and an ample bosom. The hips have gone, so has the curving bosom. We are flat now, we have pancaked ourselves, we make up in public, we have shed woman's crowning

glory, and many a plait is born to blush unseen lest it should waste its sweetness on the desert air.

A WOMAN OF ALL THE AGES.

BUT, every now and again, there passes our way a woman of no particular fashion who is acclaimed at once. She comes into the restaurant or the theatre, and we all of one accord cry, "Look at that beautiful woman!" She belongs to no date, no age. She has no dressmaker to



Nell Gwyn was the reigning toast when Charles II was King. From the painting by Sir P. Lely.



La Marquise de Pompadour in middle age. After a lithograph by Deltech.

drifts into a Beethoven sonata. A sense of unreality creeps over the scene of gaiety. The flowers on the tables, the gleaming glass, the glittering cutlery, sink into the background; they belong to the prosaic World of to-day. The lights grow dim except over the beautiful woman; glasses remain unfilled; delicacies are left untasted; flirtations are no longer carried on under cover of the music; even the witty man of the party fades away into silence; the bone-shaker girls become ghosts; the white shirt-fronts of the waiters show dimly. The Beauty of all the Ages reigns alone.



Mrs. Siddons will go down to posterity as one of the most talented and beautiful of English actresses. From the painting by G. Stuart.

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bully her into the newest mode, her clothes belong to her and to no one else.

The women in the room who have all tried to look as much like one another as possible now look like a sheet of stamps from which you can tear one off when you want to take one out to dinner or the theatre. She does not make up in the room, she does not at once put her cigarette case, powder-puff and lipstick on the table; she does not smoke with her fish, nor does she bully the waiters.

The orchestra stops in the middle of imitating a lunatic asylum at play and



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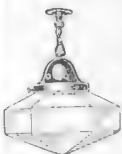
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NATURE and you Personally

By Julia Cairns

*From the millionairess
to the mill-girl, every
woman to-day is seek-
ing Beauty. She knows
it is her birthright,
and justly she claims it.*

HAS it ever occurred to you how essentially alike we are to flowers? And we are all of us agreed on the beauty of Nature, I take it? And just as it takes all kinds of flowers to make an exquisite garden, so it takes all kinds of women to make an exquisite world.

Let me make it even more personal. It is up to you, as a woman, to help to make and keep this exquisite world. And just like the flowers, Nature gives us a good start. She means us to be beautiful. Tired eyes, a coarse skin, and multitudinous lines were never her intention, because Nature loves beauty.



Peter North

The town woman in particular must seek the aid of special cleansing creams, lotions and powders, to protect her skin against the impurities of the atmosphere.

of treatment necessitated by differences in skin-texture, women who live in the open country, who can make endless demands on soft rain-water, on fresh, uncooked fruit salads and vegetables, should have no difficulty at all in retaining the clear, loveliness of earlier years, so long as judicious precaution is taken against excessive wind, excessive heat and excessive cold. But for the town woman, in addition to sane feeding and plenty of cold water to drink, additional care is necessary. With rain-water at a premium, however, there are modern means of softening water which are finding favour in the eyes of discriminating women; but over and above water and pure soap, I, personally, am



Millar Harris

*Women are like a myriad kind of flowers,
each beautiful in their myriad ways.*

You may argue, as many a person has done, that it is impossible, in view of the stress and strain of modern life—and the impurities of the atmosphere, particularly in our larger cities—to retain the clear, fresh purity of a child's complexion. But I refute this, and state most definitely that cleanliness is the first law of beauty.

Again, let me take my simile from the flowers. See how Nature fits them for their environment. The hardy ones that grow in happy profusion in a cottage garden need but the fresh, soft rain and genial sun to keep them fresh and lovely; whereas the few that struggle for existence in our large cities seldom grow to the same maturity or with such profusion unless considerable care and attention is expended on them.

So it is with you and me. Always, of course, making allowances for the essential variations

greatly in favour of a good cleansing cream, which, applied at least every night and morning, removes every particle of impurity which seems to get embedded so deeply that it defies mere soap and water.

Emphatically I repeat that cleanliness, coupled with sane, healthful food and drink and sufficient exercise, is the bedrock of beauty, and all the creams and lotions in the world are useless unless substantiated with these.

To attempt to visualise the meaning of the word "Beauty" is like trying to take a photograph of the universe with studio precision and flash light speed—an impossibility. Besides, opinions of beauty differ, and some would interpret as ecstatic beauty what others would regard as sheer modernism. But we are concerned with feminine beauty... a beauty that is as fresh as Nature herself.



A Japanese porcelain scent bottle that graced My Lady's dressing table in the days of George III.

The dainty elui on the right, attractively lacquered, also belongs to the late 18th century.



Some Toilet Accessories of our Ancestors

By
Guy Cadogan Rothery

needles, and so on. The true *necessaire de poche* belongs to the eighteenth century, being a successor to the Gothic and Renaissance chatelaine, with its array of scissors, knives, pomanders, tableaux (or reliquaries), and tablets, and hanging by its own chain from a great ring or buckle on the waist belt.

THE evolution of the mirror is undoubtedly responsible for a great deal that we witness in the elaboration of the toilet. Were it not for the mirror it is improbable that the odd fashion for "patching" would ever have been adopted. Such accidents as facial pimples and scratches must have happened from the beginning, but it would need the close scrutiny in the glass to suggest the possibility of using a patch of black or coloured plaster at the corner of the lips, on the chin, or under the eye. These patches, from mere circles or squares, became crescent moons, stars, Cupids, even coaches, and sailing ships, and it was to garner them until wanted that little patch boxes were made, of silver, gold, brilliantly coloured enamels. Older than these patch boxes were the cosmetic pots, for ointments, pomatum, rouge and lip salves, the bottles for oils, washes, sweet scents. We have their prototypes from thousands of years' old graves, and from most quarters of the globe. But for their elaboration, multiplication and adornment the mirror is obviously responsible.

FROM the thorn cloak fastener, and the hair skewer of bone or fashioned hard wood, to the tiny gold tweezers, decorative combs, pins and metallic hair nets, cosmetic pots and other trifles from the tombs of Egyptian or Asiatic queens is a far cry, yet serves to show the engrossing nature of the art of personal adornment.

The Roman lady has left us many examples of the accessories she used at her toilet, and the whole story of her Grecian sisters' methods may be read on those wonderfully informative painted vases. Old-world sets of toilet utensils are in our museums, stray items still turning up in the



An English 18th century toilet glass in Chinese gold and red lacquer, that is to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

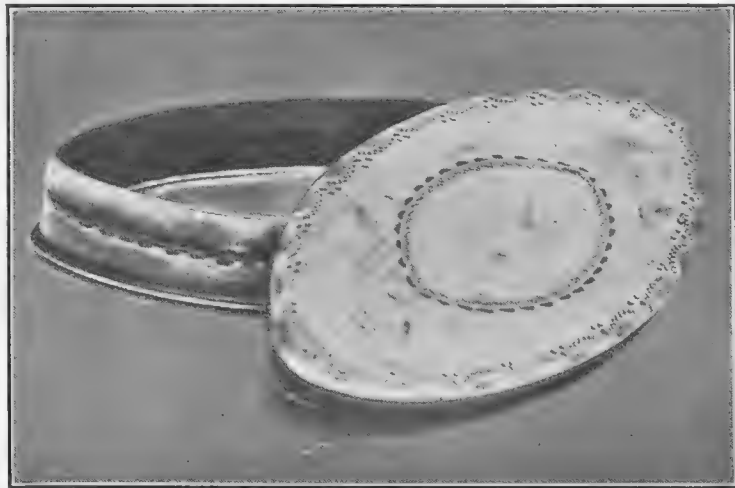
The late 18th century silver patch box below, delicately chased, once contained the "Aids to Beauty" of the period.



Another type of Georgian snuff or scent bottle, made of Japanese porcelain.

ancient burial grounds of the sites of once luxurious villas.

Such things are much like those of the present day. The Roman lady, for instance, made use of hand mirrors, though they were usually circular instead of oval, and were made of bright speculum metal instead of silvered glass. But before we came to silvered glass, the belles of yore admired themselves in sheets of polished steel, bronze or silver, and they, like the Roman ladies and her descendants of to-day had small mirrors for ordinary wear, generally fitting into cases hanging by chains from the girdle. In these cases would sometimes be found little tweezers and spatulas for the nails. By its side hung the pomander, filled with perfumes and the necessities, with scissors,



Fashion to-day is the Slave not the Master of Personality

And every woman whom the world calls beautiful has learnt the secret of individual dressing.

By Marjory Charlton

For modern woman there should be no obstacles on the road to Beauty in dress.

EACH one of the women whom the World calls beautiful to-day possesses, in addition to a lovely face and figure, a flair for expressing her personality in her frocks.

Miss Gladys Cooper, for instance, who has gained the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women on the English stage—of the perfect English type—golden haired, blue eyed, fair skinned. Which are her favourite colours? What are her general views on clothes? If she can be said to have a preference for any special

Miss Gladys Cooper, now acting in The Eternal Flame, Mr. Somerset Maugham's new Comedy at The Playhouse. Her lovely beige lace frock shows the new scarf treatment at the neck.

WHAT exactly do we mean when we speak of another woman's clothes as beautiful? Is it entirely because lovely fabrics and flowing lines appeal to our æsthetic sense? I think there is rather more "to it" than that, for we use the term as equally of peat-scented tweeds, workmanlike woolly golf sweaters, simple summer cottons, as of wonderful brocades, intricately embroidered silks, hand-painted chiffons, when we apply the adjective beautiful to clothes.

We may not always be actually conscious of the fact, but there is always a feeling for the right setting (satins and velvets on the Moors would, for instance, be unthinkable), and, above all, a certainty that they are suited to the wearer in colour and style. We really admire clothes because they are a happy expression of the personality of their wearer, enhancing the lustre of her hair, the clearness of the skin and the shade of the eyes, accentuating the perfect lines of her figure.

THE woman who possesses a dress-sense can always make herself look attractive, chic, interesting—call it what you will: good looks in their modern definition are not dependent upon classical features.

Yet even in these enlightened days quite a number of charming intelligent women will persist in wearing each other's clothes, in other words, clothes that have been obviously designed for quite another sort of person.

Miss Heather Thatcher—whose fresh complexion and free, swinging gait we always associate with open air and games—has been photographed in an evening gown of ivory-satin beauty, designed on severe, simple lines.

The woman, frankly matronly in appearance, who inclines to the gay and debonair in dress, when her cue should be dignity and grace; the big-boned, outdoor kind of girl, when she attempts to look too feminine in an Old-World picture-frock, simply succeeds in looking absurd. They are untrue to their type.

There is the right frock for every woman to-day, whether she is plump or slender, petite and dark or tall and fair, and if she remains faithful to her type she can find it.

Fashion is no longer a tyrant. Once the master of personality, she is now the slave.



Miss Lily Elsie, who is playing in The Truth Game at the Globe, prefers black, and certainly she looks her loveliest in a velvet ensemble, the matching coat collared with white fur.

colour, for I do not think it would be possible to find one in which she would not look charming, it is beige, especially in the soft, pinkish variety that looks equally attractive by day or by night. It is beige of this particular tone that she has chosen for the fascinating evening frock which she wears so attractively in the photograph—a lovely, graceful affair, with the new scarf arrangement at the neck. Black, though she herself can certainly look devastatingly lovely in it, she considers a somewhat "dangerous" colour, producing a sense of depression, and only to be worn when a woman is feeling gay and light-hearted, and she never advocates its being used, in the case of afternoon dresses, near the face; particularly with colourless skins, she thinks there should be a relieving note, in the form of cream or beige.

WHITE she loves, also scarlet, which, she says, both inspires and invigorates her.

The printed chiffons, in soft pastel shades, florally patterned, are also among her favourites—indeed, I think the lovely chiffon frock she wore in *Iris* was responsible for the chiffon vogue that followed soon after. In Miss Gladys Cooper's opinion, the keynote of good dressing is simplicity—every time. She "prefers long straight lines" and heartily dislikes anything fussy or exaggerated in the way of trimmings.

Discretion, she considers, the better part of good dressing, not only in the case of the women who are too short or too tall, or too plump or too thin, but also for those who have all the good point—herself, for instance, only she would not say so!

THE views of Miss Lily Elsie, another perfect English type, who is "most divinely fair," are much the same. Both on and off the stage she is always beautifully gowned—and simple. Soft flower colourings are favourites with her, also black, and I do not think she has ever looked lovelier than in the black velvet ensemble she wears in *The Truth Game*. The skirt is arranged in flat flounces, the bodice being perfectly plain, and the matching coat is collared with white fox fur.

BLACK velvet also suits Miss Evelyn Laye. Doesn't she look charming in her photograph, wearing a coat and skirt of this material, the latter fitting



Miss Isobel Jeans always looks her best in a striking frock. Here she wears chiffon-velvet, boldly patterned with marguerites in natural colourings, against a background of black.

Soft Nattier blue is one of the shades in which she is often seen, but she has been unfaithful to it in a very effective evening gown she wears in *The Truth Game*. It is shown here carried out in flowered ninon, the prevailing colour geranium, each flower in the design being outlined with dewdrops of diamanti. She considered, and rightly, that such a colour scheme would blend happily with her Titian-red wig in the play.

OF quite a different type is Miss Isobel Jeans, another perfect dresser, for she is very tall, with dark eyes, blue-black hair and a wonderful ivory skin, the shade the Parisiennes speak of as "matt." All that is new all that is chic, suits Miss Isobel Jeans, and gleaming gold tissue, rich, multi-coloured brocade seem best to adapt themselves to her striking, unusual beauty, also the warmer shades, orange, yellow and crimson.

She wears in her photograph an interesting gown of printed chiffon-velvet, boldly designed with marguerites in natural colourings against a background of black.

Miss Heather Thatcher again offers a contrast, for one instinctively connects her, with her fresh, really lovely complexion and free, swinging movements, with open air and games.

And she, as you may observe from her photograph, is wearing a simply-cut gown of ivory satin beauté, entirely devoid of trimming.



Miss Evelyn Laye's new costume, which has been designed by Reville, strikes quite a new note, the coat fitting tightly at the waist, and forming a double-fluted basque below. Flesh-pink satin-beauté carries out her shirt.

tightly to the waist and then forming a double-fluted basque. Her "shirt" is of deep flesh-pink satin beauté, with a very full jabot falling from the high neck-line and buttoned down the front with little paste buttons.

ANOTHER famous actress of whom one can never think without admiring her taste in dress is Miss Lilian Braithwaite. She has a marvellous feeling for line, and her frocks, both on and off the stage, are always graceful, always dignified—the perfect setting for her Madonna-like type of beauty and charming personality.



*Miss Lilian Braithwaite, also playing in *The Truth Game*, has chosen a graceful gown of flowered ninon, soft geranium in colour, each bloom being outlined with dewdrops of diamanti.*

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Fresh, crisp watercress, lettuce or endive with banana and apple, needs but a dressing of cream and lemon juice sprinkled with chopped nuts to make a tasteful salad.

We are fast learning to appreciate the health value of fresh Salads.

By W.
Teignmouth
Shore

Nutmeg it. Still stirring until very hot. Then eat it with sippets of bread fried in butter till crisp. Another even simpler way is to boil

THERE are cabbage roses and red cabbages! There are the sweet roses on pretty cheeks, to which cabbages are a very helpful ally! That is so. Internal as well as external care is essential to the retaining or the regaining of a clear and, therefore, a beautiful complexion. It is not a matter of disagreeable dieting, but solely of including fruits and vegetables, cooked or uncooked, in most if not all of our meals. Thus a salad of lettuces is among the best friends a pretty woman can have, and a very pleasing table companion, too! Grape fruit is another healthy comrade, and it is strange that in this country we do not more often choose it as a "beginner" at breakfast. Another delicious breakfast fruit is the Golden Orange, which is easily peeled, inner white waistcoat and all, if you plunge it into scalding hot water for a minute or so. The "quarters," together with any juice that is trying to escape, any necessary sugar and a sprinkling of grated nutmeg, make a delectable salad for any time o' day.

DELICIOUS FRUIT-SWEETS.

VERY pleasing sweets can be made with oranges. Here is an example. Flavour a *blanc mange* with plenty of orange and a touch-up of lemon juice. Also Orange Cream, thus: make a custard, sweeten it, flavour it freely with orange juice, a little of the rind grated, and add sufficient gelatine, dissolved in warm water, to ensure its stiffening when moulded. To make this, or the *blanc mange*, pretty, surround it with a wall, not too high, of orange quarters softly sugared. Apples, also, cooked or uncooked, is there anything much nicer, hot or cold, than thoroughly baked apples, real big ones, with the core-holes filled with brown sugar moistened with lemon juice, with a shaving of butter atop of each, and lastly, more sugar? Custard or cream poured over them.

APPETIZING SPINACH.

SALAD I have already mentioned. There are other green-meats which are desirable from the points of view of the palate and of the complexion. Chiefly cabbages and spinach. With the former I have dealt before. Spinach, fresh or tinned, can be served in many very appetising ways. As for example, this tasty, buttery dish: prepare, say, a couple of pounds and put it into boiling water in which there is quite some salt. Do not cover the pot. Boil till cooked, then put it into a colander, pour cold water over it, and then press it well to expel all the liquor. Then mince fine. Very slightly brown, only slightly mind you, a quarter of a pound of butter in a pan and stir in the minced spinach. Salt it. Pepper it.

a piece of bacon till nearly cooked and then add to it the spinach and let it simmer for about an hour. Do not cut up the spinach but do pick out any poor pieces. This is a goodly way of dealing with cabbage broken up into leaves and with brussels sprouts. When the cooking is completed, all the water should have vanished and the dish be nicely moist.

OTHERWISE.

ANOTHER spinach! Because spinach is a good! Now, I do not know how much of the vegetable you will need, as that depends upon the size of the mould you are going to use, and the amount you and your friends will attempt to eat! Say a pint mould, unless you are very anæmic! If you are, then eat lots of spinach. Cook the greenery in its own juice with the addition of a very, very little butter. Chop it very finely, moisten with lemon juice, and add a little (what a lot of "littles"!) chopped onion and celery. Put in a buttered mould and let it get quite cold. Now then! behead, de-tail, bone and skin a little tin of little sardines; soak them in lemon juice in which there are quite a few specks of red pepper. Then stand them upright on their heads round and against the mould. Cut enough "hard-boileds" in half, lengthwise, and put them round the sardines. Then you have a charming supper or luncheon dish.

GAY BRUSSELS.

REMEMBER, too, the gay little Brussels sprout! I like this way very much, do you? You do not know? Try it! Boil and thoroughly drain a pound of Brussels and put them on one side. Not on two sides. Fry in butter a tablespoonful or more, if you like, of chopped Spanish or real onion, until it is golden-brown. Put in the sprouts. Toss them for two or three minutes, and then put them into a shallow fire-proof dish, levelling them as far as you can without squashing or mashing them. Sprinkle thickly with a fifty-fifty mixture of baked bread crumbs and grated stale cheese. Hot up in a hot (not a cold!) oven. Making this dish should inspire you with similar ways of dealing with turnip-tops, spring greens, etc.

JUST HINTS.

THEY say (I do not know who "they" may be) that it is rude to hint. If so, then this article is very rude! It is not much more than hints.

She "that loves a rosy cheek, or a coral lip admires," will find these suggestions helpful in securing them. And, surely, a good complexion is woman's chief charm? That and bright eyes!

Lilacs

Lilacs are among the loveliest of plants and very easy to grow. Only two lilacs, the white and the mauve, seem to be generally known, yet there are over seventy different kinds.

By MARION CRAN

ONE of the loveliest gardens I ever knew belonged to a man who loved peonies and lilacs more than any other flowers. The lilac blossom in pink and mauve and blue, red and purple, cream and white, was most wonderful to see, tossing its fragrant plumes over the great plantings of beautiful peony blossom. The winds brought the scent of that garden over the fields and lanes and hills till one felt, approaching it, that this was the road to Paradise. Most people seem to know only two lilacs: the single white and the old-fashioned mauve. But there are over seventy different kinds and colours in doubles and singles! The earliest lilac of all to bloom in my own garden is Giraldii, a dainty species, flowering long before any other in wide-spaced trusses of fragrant pink. The best and clearest pink is Edouard André; the best wine-red is Souvenir de Louis Spathe. That one is a treasure which every garden should grow; it is a single lilac with great plumes of richly-scented red-purple, growing vigorously and flowering freely.

Madame Lemoine is the lovely ivory double-white; Charles X and Congo are red; Vulcan a new deep purple; President Grévy and Marc Micheli are soft blue-grey. One cannot do without one or both of these last in any garden of lilacs.

THEY are easy plants to grow, and easiest of all if they can find a good depth of loam over chalk; they will thrive in almost any ground that is fairly moist; they do not want a water-logged station, of course, but they do like to have a comfortable amount of moisture. They make large mats of fibrous roots near the surface, and that means top-feeding. When the great effort of bloom-time is at hand it is worth any trouble to see how the buds swell, and grow rich and fat after refreshers of liquid manure. Some well-rotted farmyard manure round the roots is a great help when the leaf begins to show; and a very important matter is to keep the suckers from growing up from the root. The greedy suckers are robust trenchermen, and, if left, soon eat up the good food, which was intended to encourage the activities of the beautiful shrub blossoming

above these clamorous saplings.

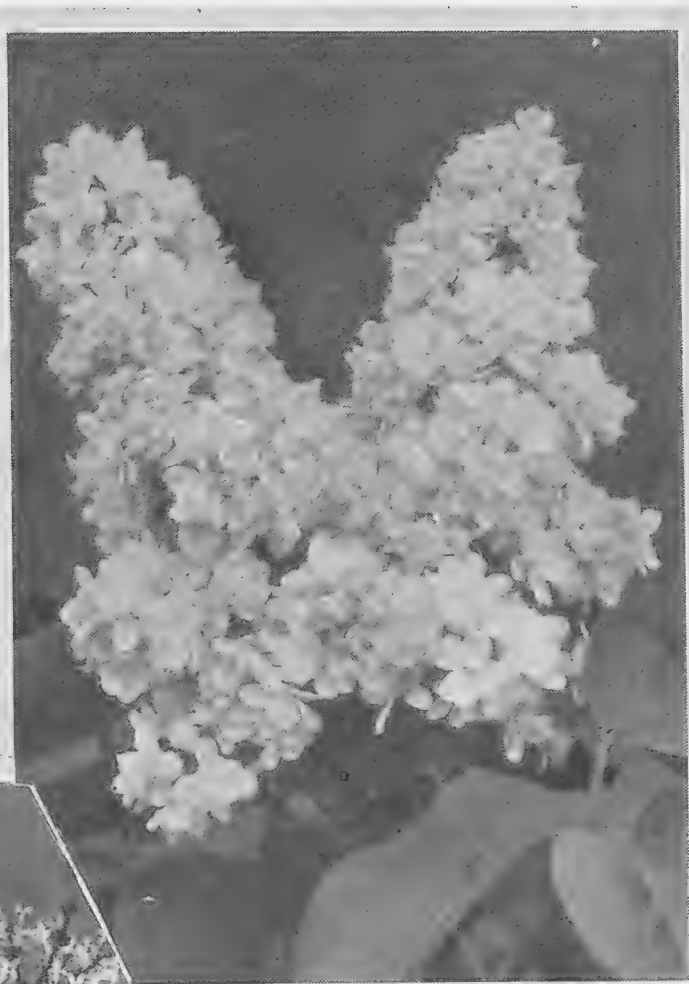
The aristocrat begins to be starved,



A dainty plant: The Syringa Julianie Alba.

and is at last smothered by the husky crowd, so that we awake one day to find our choice variety turned into the common, fragrant, but undistinguished one which botanists call syringa vulgaris.

IT follows, therefore, that we should persist in two courses if we cherish our beautiful lilacs; first we should watch for all sucker-growths from the base and remove them relentlessly; and secondly, if we are wise,



A double white lilac: The Marie Lemoine.

we will strike cuttings for ourselves of those we most admire and let them grow along peacefully, so that in course of time we may have the garden amply planted with our favourite forms.

Some of the species are most attractive; Reflexa is one that I grow with great pleasure for its slender racemes of coral pink; Persica is fairly well known, a delicately fashioned mauve, which smothers itself in bloom.

After blooming, the faded trusses with their brown and brittle trophies should be removed. It is not always easy on tall bushes, but wherever possible it should be done; and pruning should always follow immediately after blooming.

Pruning in winter or early spring destroys a large part of the flower-buds for the coming season.

Garden Diary

Plant Lilac.

Order gladiolus corms without delay

Finish pruning fruit trees.

Plant roses.

Sow early peas and broad beans in the open.

Plant raspberry canes.

Carry on with any turfing operations.

Plant flowering shrubs and fruit trees.

Look over black currant bushes for big bud.

Finish trenching, manuring and preparing vacant ground.

Divide and replant rhubarb.

Plant garlic, shallots and parsley.

The Importance of being Slender

SPECIAL weight-reducing exercises are one of the healthiest methods of getting rid of adipose tissue, for they keep the body fit and help at the same time towards suppleness, poise, grace and the general improvement of the circulation. The majority of these exercises are suitable for youth and middle-aged alike, and to get the best results, they should be done night and morning for about fifteen minutes.

For the women who shrink from strenuous exercise, or in cases where fat is local and there is no desire for general reduction, expert massage is excellent, for when the fat cells are successfully broken down, the superfluous flesh can literally be rubbed away.

Or this same function can be carried out by a hand-roller, which women can apply themselves to any part they like; they are particularly efficacious if they are used immediately after taking a hot bath, in which special reducing bath salts have been dissolved, and Eve's bathroom

to-day is quite incomplete without one.

The Bergoni treatment, so much practised at both English and foreign Spas, is on these lines, except that the rollers are mechanical, rolling away superfluities while the patient waits, so to speak.

Another method of reducing weight is the Turkish bath, because the heat opens the pores and the waste matter is eliminated; and a clever invention that falls in with modern woman's desire to get things done quickly, takes the form of a bicycle, enclosed in a radiant heat bath, from which emerges a head only, the owner's face, flushed but triumphant, as she reads the mounting mileometer.

Certainly "Lovely Woman" has all the forces of science on her side in her quest for beauty of form! Even the thick ankles that have been brought into unhappy prominence through short skirts, can be successfully combated by means of exercises, massage and reducing baths.

K. G.

Watch your Step!

By SONIA

A healthy foot paves the way to a healthy body.

WITH a feeling that is almost akin to pity one asks oneself why—in these days when every aspect of beauty culture is pursued with an almost diabolical energy by women of all ages—is the foot so neglected? You may say that it

"stepping off," it is nearly half-an-inch further into the shoe. If the above is disregarded the toes get continual back pressure, and the knuckles of the smaller toes "buckle" upwards, and are very liable to get corns on them. This backward pressure of the toes is often the primary cause of a dropping of the forward arch, with a consequent growth of callouses under the foot. By far the safest way of getting measured for your shoes is by the "Heel to Bar" method, the length of the foot being taken from the back of the heel to the big toe joint. This ensures several things. Firstly, there is a distinct hinge to the foot where the toes join the instep, and there is a hinge to the shoe at the joint. If these two hinges do not coincide no shoe can fit. The method



The natural grace of a normal foot is quickly marred by ill-fitting footwear.

is not: that it does come in for its just share of treatment. If this is so, then why is a shapely foot so rare? Why have so few learnt the importance of caring for their feet, both for their health's sake and for beauty's sake. . . .

With regard to the fitting of the shoes, the most important point is to see that each one of the twenty-six bones in the foot itself is left free to do its job naturally and normally. Hose and shoes that do not fit are responsible for malformities gradual in their growth, but which in time will undermine the health of the whole body.

THE SCIENCE OF FIT.

It is not sufficient to have stockings and shoes just the same length as the foot, for although the toes are shaped fanwise, the modern hose and shoe are invariably shaped so that they narrow towards the toe. This, of course, is done for the sake of appearance, and there is no reason why it should not be so, providing the shoe is properly fitted. There are, however, other reasons why the shoe and hose should be longer than the foot. The foot becomes longer when the weight of the body is placed upon it, and this must be allowed for in selecting hose, and, with regard to the shoe, you will find that when the foot is bent in the position of just

ensures the widest part of the foot falling in the widest part of the shoe. It ensures support for the arch of the foot immediately behind the joint, and it ensures perfect freedom for the toes.

FREEDOM FOR THE TOES.

This is very important, for there is little movement behind the toe joints, and the foot can and should be fitted closely in the back part, so that there is no slip at the heel, no sagging round the ankles, and full support for the arches.

So when, this Spring, you choose the shoes that are to provide that final touch of smartness to your new toilette, make sure that they are a perfect fit from the scientific point of view.



Correct balance and beautiful poise—woman's greatest charm—can only be attained if the "foundations" are in harmony.



An illustration from the new
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Motor Racing in 1929

By the Hon. Victor Bruce and Mrs. Bruce

Motor racing in 1929 promises to provide a programme of thrills both on the road and track



A difficult corner in the Phoenix Park Course, Dublin, which drivers in the race there this year will be called upon to negotiate.

THE year of grace 1929 promises to hold much of interest to speed enthusiasts, for not only will there be the more or less standard road and track races, but several new events have been provisionally added to the season's programme. The most important of the actual races is undoubtedly the Ulster Grand Prix, which, although not absolutely novel since it was inaugurated most successfully last year, is likely to excite a great deal of interest.

As was first announced some months ago in *BRITANNIA*, however, Southern Ireland does not see why Ulster should have all the fun, with the result that two races are proposed to be held on consecutive days about a month earlier than the Belfast event in Phoenix Park, Dublin. Those motorists who have noted the fact that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have banned the participation of their members in rallies and elegance competitions of the nature held so successfully last year at Bournemouth and Southport, on the ground of the great expense involved to the motor trade, may well wonder whether these Dublin races also may not be viewed with displeasure by the Society.

There is no doubt that efficient participation in an actual road race is very costly; unless a firm proposes to do the thing properly it has no hope at all of success and is merely wasting such money as it does spend—and to "go the whole hog" is a matter which only a few firms can afford. However, since the Ireland of the Republic is a foreign country, presumably the trade society of Britain has no jurisdiction; but it will be most interesting to see whether the promoters, the Royal Irish Automobile Club, do obtain the support from the British industry which they anticipate.

RACES AT BROOKLANDS.

IN the meantime, two other interesting events, both track races at Brooklands, are projected. One, the "Double-Twelve," organised by the Junior Car Club, is already assured of success, since thirty-one entries were received before the entry list closed at ordinary fees. Further entries will no doubt be made before April 8th, when the list finally closes.

This event is based upon the Le Mans race which has increased in popularity year by year.

In the latter, competitors have to drive for twenty-four consecutive hours, changes of driver being permitted, of course; but since racing is not permitted at Brooklands after nightfall, on account of the disturbance to local residents, the event has to be run off in two periods of twelve daylight hours. The type of car eligible is that variously known as sports, super-sports and hyper-sports, and only comparatively small alterations from the standard specification of the car as sold to the public are permitted.

The second Brooklands event, still rather more in the air than the Double-Twelve, is a straightforward 500 miles race for honest racing cars. There will be no artificial corners, or endeavours to dodge the original grand simplicity of the Brooklands track; it will be just a hard, flat-out race which will tend to test the cars rather than the drivers. This is being organised by the Racing Drivers' Club, and it is confidently anticipated that several famous Continental racing teams will participate.

WOULD-BE RECORD BREAKERS.

ON a different basis, and of greater general public interest, are the respective attempts to be made by Major Segrave and Captain Campbell to recapture the world speed record for Britain. Each of these ex-

record holders is now on his way to the scene of his endeavours, Segrave accompanying his Irving-Napier monster to the famous Daytona Beach, Florida, while Campbell has arrived in South Africa to try out his Napier Arrol-Aster on the bed of a dried-up lake.

As an instance of the public spiritedness with which Captain Campbell's enterprise is viewed in South Africa it may be mentioned that £1,000 has been voted by the Government and local motorists towards the expense of his attempt and of preparing the lake bed for its new purpose.

TRYING OUT THE SINGER SIX.

Engine.—Six cyls., 65.5 m.m. bore and 95 m.m. stroke; 1,920 c.c.; seven-bearing crankshaft; vibration damper.

Tax.—£16.

Ignition.—Rotax coil, with automatic and hand advance.

Carburettor.—Solex.

Clutch.—Single dry plate.

Gearbox.—Three speeds; top gear ratio, 5.1 to 1; right-hand control.

Steering.—Marles.

Braking.—Four-wheel Dewandre servo-operated; separate rear-wheel brakes.

Suspension.—Semi-elliptic springs all round, with Newton hydraulic shock absorbers.

Chassis Lubrication.—Luvax one-shot system.

Price.—Saloon, cellulose two-colour finish, Triplex glass and chromium plating, £350.



Should the motorist pay so heavily when public vehicles make so much use of the road? Our picture shows charabancs on the Brighton road at Crawley.

REMARKABLE efficiency is a feature of all the British moderately priced cars, but one vehicle here and there is outstanding on the score of sheer value for money. Generally one is content to overlook the absence of certain features of refinement which, while obviously desirable as tending to increase the desirability of the car, obviously could not be included at the price, but at least one of the new type of inexpensive, moderate powered British sixes—the Singer—has a positively amazing list of chassis refinements (Continued on page 179.)

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THE FIFTEEN is a first class car in reputation, performance and appearance.

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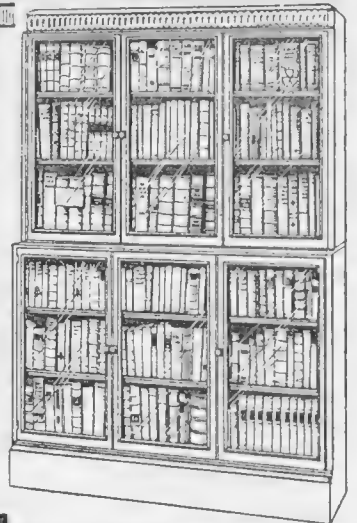
ALL the "elasticity" is retained in this improved type, and many advantages impossible in the old models are included.

Illustration shows Two of the Improved sections with cornice and base.

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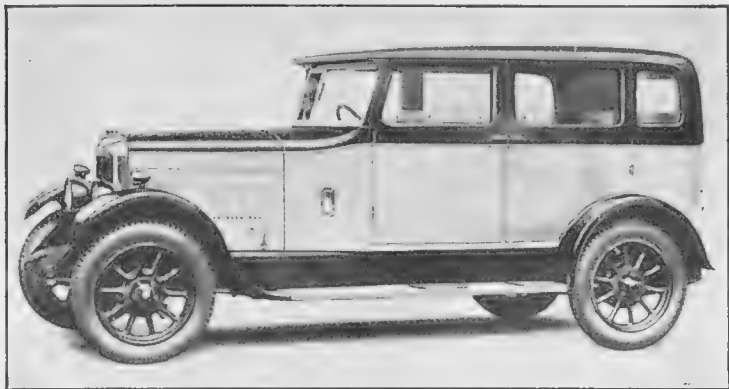


MOTOR RACING IN 1929

(Continued from page 177.)

which one would not expect for a moment to find on a car of its price.

The latter is £350 for the roomy, five-seated saloon. A glance through the specification discloses the fact that the six-cylinder engine of 15.9 h.p. is equipped with a seven-bearing crankshaft, that all bearings, including the camshaft and valve rockers are pressure-lubricated, that Marles steering is fitted, and that the braking is servo-operated



The Singer Six which is capable of an honest sixty on road or track. A detailed report of a trial of this car, carried out recently by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, is given in these pages.

by the Dewandre vacuum system. Newton shock absorbers, one-shot chassis lubrication, chromium plating of all bright metal parts, and Triplex safety glass, with a remarkably effective adjustable one-piece windscreen, are other features of a specification which might well apply to a car at double the price.

With regard to road performance, the car is easily capable of an honest sixty, and has a comfortable cruising speed in the neighbourhood of 50 miles an hour. The engine is smooth and quiet throughout its range, and the provision of a vibration damper eliminates the slightest tendency to "period" at any speed. The steering is light and certain, with a degree of self-alignment after turning a corner that obviates much of the fatigue of driving.

Braking, as those who have tried the Dewandre system will appreciate, is finger-light, while the suspension is nicely calculated to give the car exceptionally good road holding qualities.

Bearing in mind the price and the long list of refinements, it is impossible to find any point on which material improvement would be possible, the only matters needing attention on the particular car tested being that the shock absorbers were adjusted to give rather hard action when the car was not fully loaded, while the pick-up of the clutch was a trifle fierce. Both points, be it noted, are simple matters of adjustment.

FOG ALWAYS WINS!

IT is difficult to compare one season with another in the matter of weather without reference to statistical returns, but it really does seem as though we have had more than our fair proportion of fog this winter. And the pity of it is that no one appears yet to have hit upon a method of illumination which is the slightest use in such circumstances.

Several of the competitors in the recent Monte Carlo Rally had equipped their cars with a variety of ingenious arrangements, but all admit that the solution of the problem is yet to seek. The ordinary fog lamp, fitted to the front dumb iron of the car, which has recently leapt into popularity, is little better

than useless, principally because glass of much too deep a tint of orange is generally used, while the bulb fitted is often of a half-ampere side lamp type which is incapable of sending a beam through the dark glass that is of any service in the fog itself.

While not pretending to have succeeded in beating the fog where others have failed, the best system of illumination seems to be a powerful spot lamp fitted in the usual place fairly high up at the side of the windscreen on the left or right respectively, according to whether the car is to be used in England

or on the Continent, and covered with a pale lemon-tinted glass, mica, silk handkerchief or any other fairly transparent material which will not entirely diffuse the beam of the searchlight. This beam really does appear to penetrate fog sufficiently to pick out the edge of the road, without giving the effect of an impenetrable blanket in front of the car, whereas the diffused and faint illumination of the average

fog lamp has practically no effect at all.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

FIGURES and comparisons are always interesting. For instance, while we may be amazed to learn that against America's 24½ million motor vehicles, of which 21½ million are passenger cars, Great Britain can only show a miserable 2 million, and less than a million private cars, these figures give no real indication of the respective conditions of congestion in the two countries.

One needs to know a great deal more about

road conditions, the average radius of each car, the amount of long distance touring, road mileage and car mileage and such vital factors before a reliable comparison can be established. At the same time the American figures are staggering, and it is easy to understand why the automobile trade takes its place at the head of American industry. The British trade is well on its way in the same direction in this country, of course, though it has not yet attained supremacy.

ROYAL COMMISSION ON TRANSPORT.

ONE of the most trenchant statements in the evidence given before the Royal Commission on Transport by Major Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the Automobile Association, was to the effect that too much money is being collected in taxation from a particular section of the community for a service which is a great national asset—in other words, the roads.

Some day, perhaps, the fact that good roads and plenty of them are not merely a luxurious pandering to the desires of those "idle rich" who use motorcars may become generally recognised; but, in the meantime, if one did not know it, already a single motor trip out on to any of the principal main roads of the country in the middle of the week would show that the great bulk of the traffic is of either commercial or public character. Such private cars as may be encountered are obviously on business bent, and even that business may be public rather than private.

An indirect effect, by the way, which the public does not appreciate, is that high motor taxation affects the price of road-borne commodities. Even though the private motorist grumbles and pays, it is not to be expected that the commercial road user entirely disregards the factor of running cost represented by taxation, and freightage rates naturally reflect the figure. So to some extent perhaps the public does contribute; but the whole matter requires very careful reconsideration.



An unwanted shower bath. Following the frost many of the lanes in Hampshire have been flooded, with unpleasant results for motorists.

Britannia's Sports Section.

WEIGHED IN

Although there are grumbles in certain quarters, the new rule, under which runners and riders must be declared three-quarters of an hour before a race, is working smoothly.

By "Blackfriar"

THE racing world appears to be settling down very well to the new order of things inaugurated at Manchester a fortnight ago. Here and there a disposition to grumble over little personal inconveniences is to be found, but, taken all round, the new rule which ordains that runners and riders must be declared three-quarters of an hour before the time of the race has met with a cordial welcome, and there have been no very definite objections raised against the new system.

The change, it will be remembered, was designed in order to avoid as much as possible any delays that may occur under the totalisator system of betting. As this system is not yet in vogue it is hard to say whether this new rule will achieve its object. That can only be judged when betting by machine is in full swing.

THE BOOKIES' ROBOT RIVAL.

SO far there has been no noticeable difference in the Rings. The bookmakers have revealed all their old wariness, refusing to offer decent odds against a horse until they have been able to sift the wheat from the chaff; in other words, the triers from the non-triers. The result has been that no serious betting has been indulged in until the last few minutes before the start, as under the old order.

Whether they will adopt the same attitude when they are acting in competition with the machine is another matter. Then they will probably be tempted to offer more generous odds than might be expected in order to lure the punter away from their robot rival. My own view is that that course will be their only hope of survival. Otherwise, the backer—I am not referring to the professional backer, who will probably prefer to stick to his old practice of trying to beat the market, an object he can only achieve by betting with the bookmakers—knowing full well that no matter when he puts on his money the rate of odds will be the same, will visit the "Tote" as quickly as possible after the run-

ners are known in order to leave himself free to inspect the horses in the paddock or anything else he may wish to do.

One effect of the new rule may be a large increase in betting at the clubs. In spite of the enterprise of the news service which controls the tape machines there was not, under the old system, much time between the circulation of the runners and the result coming through. But with probably a full half-hour to spare now it is easy to see that a lot more wagering will be possible and many who visit racecourses at the present time with the object of betting rather than watching the sport, may find it more convenient from several points of view to join a sporting club.

AN UNSATISFACTORY RULE.

THE recent death of Mr. Ogden Mills, the American millionaire and racing partner in France of Lord Derby, has brought into prominence again the unsatisfactory clause in the Rules of Racing which renders the entry



Following in father's footsteps. Young Butcher, son of the stud-groom at H. Leader's stud farm near Newmarket, feeds some of his father's foals.

of a horse void on the death of its nominator, for it means that the entry of the French champion four-year-old, Kantar, for the Ascot Gold Cup is automatically cancelled as well as that of the Grand Prix winner, Cri de Guerre.

The latter was one of the horses owned by the dead millionaire in partnership with Lord Derby, but as the rule applies just the same in the case of a partnership horse Cri de Guerre is no longer qualified to run. Could such an unhappy event have been foreseen Lord Derby would doubtless have entered Fairway to carry his colours. As it is, thanks to this much-criticised rule, he will have no direct interest in the race this year, though the entry of Cri de Guerre actually stands in Lord Derby's name.

There may be sound reasons why the rule should be retained, but they manage to do without it in France, and I fail to see, therefore, why our Jockey Club cannot take a leaf out of France's book and scrap the rule in its present form.

WAVETOP AND ELTON.

IN spite of this unfortunate circumstance, which will prevent two of the finest stayers in France competing, the Gold Cup this year promises to provide one of the most attractive contests for the trophy we have had for a long time. Apart from the presence of the American champion, Reigh Count, there is Felstead, Invershin (upon whom Bernard Carslake rode one of the most brilliant races of his career when he beat Finglas last season) Bubbles II (who ran third to Cri de Guerre in the Grand Prix), Palais Royal II, Baytown, Kinchinjunga and the November Handicap winner Saracen. There has recently arrived at Newmarket, too, Wavetop, who ran second to Baytown in the Irish Guineas and Derby.

It is assumed in some quarters that he has come over from Ireland with the Gold Cup in view. That may be correct, but it is not without significance that he has gone into Harvey Leader's stable, which already shelters another Irish bred four-year-old in Elton. Before the latter came to England last summer he had proved himself a very useful performer, particularly over a mile.



K. Robertson, who has been engaged to ride Elton in the Lincoln.



Tommy Atkins, a horse of which great things are expected in the Lincoln Handicap.

Week-End Selections**NEWBURY, FRIDAY.**

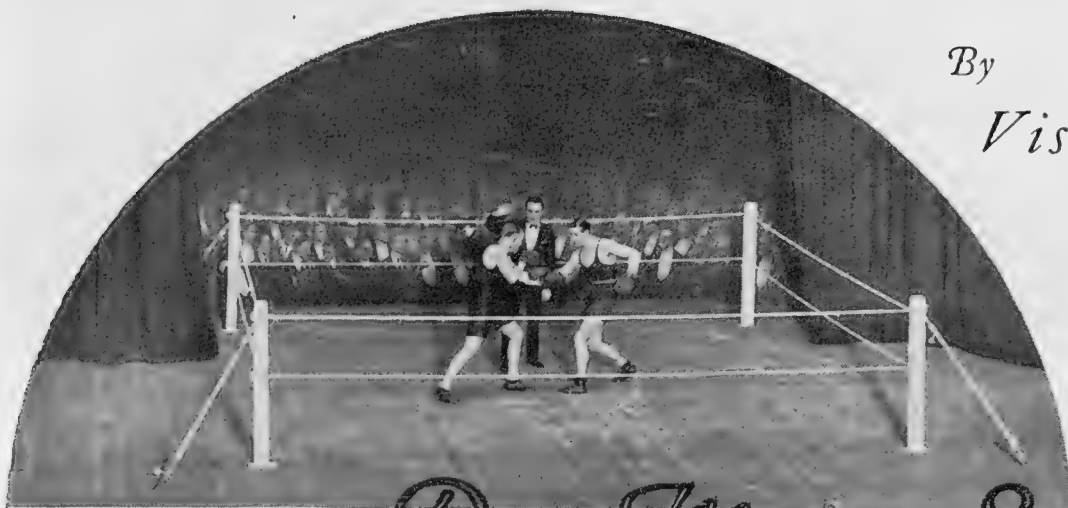
*February Hurdle Race—
The Brown Talisman.*

*Newbury Steeplechase—
Eagle's Tail.*

NEWBURY, SATURDAY.

*Greenham Handicap
Hurdle Race—Feng.*

*The Spring Steeplechase
—Savernake.*



In these days it is but a short distance from the prize ring to the stage and screen. Georges Carpentier, the ex-prize-fighter is appearing at the Alhambra in a variety performance.

By

Viscount Knebworth

Is £72 a second a ridiculous sum to receive for losing a prize fight? Cases of high remuneration in professional sport are cited by our contributor, who considers that there is nothing wrong with those who are paid, but deplore the tendency to watch such displays

Does Money Spoil Sport?

Dempsey must have fought between 300 and 500 contests in his time.

THE PROFESSIONALS HIGH STATUS.

IT would appear, then, that in his early days the lot of the professional sportsman is by no means an easy one. If he achieves fame and wealth at a comparatively early age, it must be remembered that this is also achieved in other and sometimes less reputable professions.

Again, to watch Hobbs making a century at Lords is a genuinely aesthetic pleasure, while to watch another man earning large sums of money in an office in the City cannot be so described by any stretch of the imagination.

Is it true that cricket is played worse to-day than it was, say, 50 years ago? Are the professional football teams of 1929 no better exponents of the art of Association football than were the amateur teams of a half-century back? No unbiased critic can honestly believe that this is so. Rather must he admit that in every branch of sport professionalism has definitely improved, and in the case of lawn tennis improved beyond all recognition, the sports with which it has been associated.

THE CASE OF TOM SAYERS.

HERE, I suppose, it will be pointed out that professionalism has had little or nothing to do with lawn tennis. To this I make answer that, in the sense that I now use the word, it emphatically has. The lawn tennis players of to-day are professionals in everything but remuneration, and in my opinion they deserve financial recognition as much as the most able exponents of any other sport. They are professionals in that

they devote their whole time to playing the game, and they have made of it an art which must surprise beyond measure the best players of days gone by.

In support of the theory that the large sums paid to professionals do no good to sport, it is sometimes argued that there has been no real fighting in the ring since the fashion of paying boxers huge purses was introduced. The critics hark back to

the so-called golden days when Tom Sayers and Heenan fought their famous fight, which went to something like thirty rounds, if I remember rightly, and when five pounds was a magnificent reward.

Tom Sayers was Champion of England and, perhaps, one of the greatest prize fighters in history, but the fact that he generally overlooked is that his weight was only 108, 5lbs. Does anyone seriously imagine that, were he alive and in his prime to-day, he could last twenty rounds with Jack Hood?

WHOLESALE CORRUPTION IMPOSSIBLE.

THERE is, however, yet another aspect of this question. Has not the introduction of the money element into

sport tended towards professional corruption? The answer to my mind, is that, although there may be a few specific cases, on the whole it, has not.

But there is one circumstance in connection with the paying of large sums of money to sportsmen that I do view with alarm. This is the ever-increasing number of people who watch, and the ever-diminishing number who play. Whatever may be the significance of this tendency in relation to the size of professional remuneration, there is no doubt that it is to the detriment of the nation.



Viscount Knebworth, as seen by Kapp. As an amateur boxer he has achieved prominence and last week fulfilled an engagement with a Billingsgate porter in which he was beaten.

SPORT has never lacked its critics, and of recent months these seem to have been particularly active. Since the time when large sums of money were first available in return for prowess on the sport's field, they have never tired of reminding us that professional remunerations of this kind are ridiculously high.

Middle. Lenglen received £30,000 for a tour of the United States. Ridiculous! Harold "Red" Grange earned £100,000 in a few weeks for playing football. Dempsey's share of his four minutes' fight with Firpo was £45,000. These figures are utterly out of proportion to the effort entailed! So cry the critics.

Then they remember that Beckett received £6,500 for fighting a one and a half minute battle in the ring with Carpentier, and sadly recall the days when two "good boys" would put up a first-class fight for ten shillings. Perhaps they even recall the day when to volley a ball at lawn tennis would have been mildly bad form.

THE PUGILIST AND CITY MAGNATE.

NOW, it is a truism that virtue is not financially rewarded in any proportion to its merits. I thoroughly agree that it is absurd that the authors of the Oxford Dictionary, for example, should benefit financially to so small a degree compared with the author of the best-seller. But the question of professional remunerations in sport cannot be considered by itself alone, as the critics would have us believe.

There is no doubt that the amount of money earned by the professional exponents of the various principal sports is in much greater proportion than in many other less criticised professions. But it is as unjust to ask whether Beckett deserved £6,500 for being knocked out by Carpentier as it would be to ask whether Sir Isaac Becklestein deserved £60,000 for selling a block of shares at exactly the right moment.

To my mind, the interesting fact about Dempsey is not that he has been paid £500,000 for his performances in the ring, but that he must have fought many hundreds of fights to win the reputation which secured him that money. I do not know in exactly how many contests Dempsey figured, but I could mention many second-rate and little-known boxers in Britain who have already topped the hundred mark. It, therefore, can hardly be an exaggeration to say that

Will there be a Timber Famine?

By E.T. Brown.

IT is only within recent years that we have come to regard forestry as anything more than a side line of agriculture, or have begun to realise that efficient forest management is a science in itself. It is even now not fully conceded that the planting, the cutting and the care of woods and forests is a profession which calls for highly trained men, who must possess an expert knowledge of chemistry, botany, geology and many other natural sciences. To obtain these highly qualified men the emoluments of the profession must be adequate, which at present they certainly are not.

NATIONAL PROBLEM.

AFFORESTATION must be carried out on a national and not on individual lines. Definite plans must be laid for years ahead to ensure that wastage is replaced and a continuity of yield maintained in the various kinds of timber required for the national needs. To this end research must be continuous, not only with a view to discovering the best and quickest methods of cultivation, but also to a study of all forms of soil, diseases, fungi and insect pests.

It is manifestly worse than useless for private owners to plant fir merely because it is quick growing, when national requirements point to a necessity for oak or elm.

FORESTRY COMMISSION.

IN 1919 a Forestry Commission was set up, following on the recommendation of the Acland Committee on Forestry, and a Bill was passed through Parliament authorising the increase of the area of woodlands by two million acres in forty years, the amount to be re-afforested in the first ten-year period to be 200,000 acres. Up to date, with less than a year to go, 142,000 acres have been re-afforested by the Government, and some 42,000 acres by private landowners with State aid.

The Government's intentions as to the next ten-year period have just been made known. A vote of £5,500,000 is to be made to the Forestry Commission, which is £2,000,000 in excess of that granted for the first ten years. An estimated total income of nearly £1,500,000 from forest products has to be added to the above grant, and this should ensure the Commissioners an annual income of about £700,000. This, it is calculated, will allow of a further 225,000 acres being planted, as well as of grants for re-afforestation schemes being made to landowners and local bodies.

A PROGRESSIVE PROGRAMME, BUT—

ONE of the most important points in connection with the Commission's scheme is

Supplies of timber are rapidly becoming exhausted. The enormous increase in paper output and the growth of the artificial silk industry, in both of which wood-pulp is essential, have made excessive demands upon the forests of the world.

the settlement on the land of selected foresters and their families, and the provision of small holdings for them. Up to the present 540 of these holdings with houses have been or are nearly completed.

The conception of a scheme both as to planting and as to these permanent settlements is admirable so far as it goes. But does it go far enough? At the present rate of progress, only a trifle over 400,000 acres will have been planted by 1940, and taking into account the fact that some seedlings take fifty years to mature, such rate of progress cannot replace the wastage due to cutting, damage and disease.

We are even now importing more than 50 per cent. of our requirements of timber from abroad at heavy cost, forgetful of the fact that even the vast resources of our Dominions will not last for ever. A heavier outlay now would pay in the long run, and would also do something towards assisting our unemployment problem.

THE WORLD'S SUPPLIES.

TWO important factors have arisen in recent years affecting the world's timber supply—the vast increase in paper output and the rapid growth of the artificial silk industry, in both of which wood pulp plays so large a part.

In Canada and in Newfoundland (which recently obtained 60,000 square miles of spruce forests in Labrador by an edict of the Privy Council), in Russia, Germany and France more and more paper and pulp mills are being set up, with a consequent heavy drain on the timber resources of the great producing countries. Canada alone is now exporting 50 per cent. of the world's timber requirements, and is drawing on the remoter parts of the Dominion to meet the demand.

Mr. F. J. Barnjum, an international forestry expert, recently stated that owing to "the rapid denuding of the forests of Eastern Canada pulp wood is being drawn from such great distances that it takes two and three years to drive it down the rivers to its destination, and in some cases it is being transported 1,000 miles by water and rail."

The same authority in a reference to the U.S.A. says that the amount of timber cut for all purposes in one year, according to Government figures, is "sufficient to form a solid pile of wood 4 ft. wide and 4 ft. high, which would encircle the globe fifteen times."

THREATENED SHORTAGE.

IT is obvious that if such wholesale cutting continues, the world will in a very few years be threatened with a timber shortage, for it must be remembered that wastage from disease and fire is very heavy, particularly in America. In Canada and Australia immature wood, which should not be touched for another ten or twenty years, is being cut, and even the shelter belts which protect the young seedlings and the crops are being thinned.

In Australia many timber industries have already had to go out of business owing to the failure of forest management to maintain the continuity of yield, and the Forestry Committee in that country has now recommended the recognition of forestry as a learned profession.

What About Your Future?



Are you content with the position you occupy now—with the money you are earning—or do you wish for something better and something more?

Ask yourself these questions; then carefully consider what you ought to do. Don't for a moment imagine that integrity, punctuality, and length of service will of themselves carry you far. The one thing

that more than any other enables a man to rise above his fellows and win a way into the better-paid jobs is a sound and practical technical training. He cannot possibly get such a training in the course of his everyday work.

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By
Gerard
Fairlie



C. A. Whitcombe, a member of the British team, is seen playing on the Moortown course, Leeds, where the competition for the Ryder Cup will be held next April.

THE Ryder Cup contest is to be played over the Moortown course, near Leeds, towards the end of April, and by a curious coincidence the names of the players to compose the American team, and our own, were announced within a few days of each other.

On the first occasion for which it was played our professionals scored a sweeping success, completely annihilating the American team. The second match, when our team visited America, resulted in almost as overwhelming a victory for the home side. So this is to be the rubber contest and I am happy to say that it is my firm opinion we shall win.

A CHANCE FOR YOUTH.

I HAVE two reasons for making this statement: in the first place, the ten men chosen by the Selection Committee (appointed by the Professional Golfers' Association to nominate the British side) and from whom eight will finally be selected, are all young and thoroughly sound players.

The Selection Committee has, I think, done wisely in disregarding in their choice the great names of the past and giving a chance to comparative youth. By youth I do not mean untried players, but those who, though still young, have done extremely well, and sometimes brilliantly, in open competition.

In the second place, Moortown is a course which calls for great local knowledge: if, therefore, the members of our team get a reasonable amount of practice over that course then they should hold a very real advantage over any visiting team.

There is much to be said for nominating a team so far in advance, for it enables those selected to practise assiduously, with the strong incentive that they stand a good chance of obtaining places in the team. Uncertainty of achieving a place in even the preliminary selection is apt to get on the nerves and frequently has a most detrimental effect on play.

It is still too early to make any detailed observations. Let it suffice for me to say that the choice of Stewart Burns as one of

Great Britain and America will compete for the Ryder Cup in two months time, and the teams and their prospects are discussed in this article.

the ten gives me a feeling of great personal satisfaction. For some time I have known Burns to be as good a golfer as there is in the land, but hitherto his conscientious character has kept him out of the limelight, simply because he is one of those typical Scottish professionals who put the interests of their club before personal advancement or advertisement. To many Englishmen his selection may come as a surprise and to those who follow golf from abroad, but to all golfers north of the border the news will give real satisfaction. I am personally open to a bet that he will win the match.

AMERICA'S SPORTING ACTION.

THE action of the American authorities in selecting for their team only American-born professionals is to my mind a very sporting gesture and is pursuant to their avowed policy. A team which included Barnes, Kirkwood, Cruikshank, Armour and other well-known names, labelled as representing America, would have been a farce; since, however, the inclusion of these men would almost certainly have spelt victory for the United States, it is generous of that great country to realise that nationalisation papers do not make a national except in name.

I append herewith the names of those provisionally selected, from amongst whom the final choice of eight players a side will be made:—

Great Britain: S. Burns, G. Duncan, A. Compston, E. Whitcombe, C. Whitcombe, P. Allis, H. Cotton, F. Robson, A. Boomer, and Abe Mitchell.

United States: W. Hagen, J. Farrell, G. Sarazen, H. Smith, L. Diegel, A. Watrous, E. Dudley, J. Golden, A. Espinosa,

whereas Sayers could not putt at all.

As everybody knows, to putt on a green lightly covered with snow is extremely difficult, since the ball becomes coated and will not run true. This was happening all the time to Sayers, but never to Kirkaldy! He appeared to be having the most extraordinary luck. Kirkaldy was in high good humour and kept up a stream of highly hilarious conversation with his caddy. It was particularly noticeable that whenever

the players walked from green to tee, Kirkaldy appeared to have a little conference with his caddy and invariably patted the boy on the head as if thoroughly satisfied, just before teeing up his ball and driving off.

SNOW ON THE BALL.

Sayers suffered a crushing defeat that day and as they left the course he turned round to his friend and asked him point blank what he had done to prevent the snow gathering on his ball on the greens. Kirkaldy smiled and said nothing and it was not until much later that he gave away his secret.

A CLEVER RUSE.

Realising in advance the effect the snow would be bound to have on the ball, he had got hold of his caddy before the match started and absolutely covered the

lad's hair in grease. Each time he patted the boy's head, therefore, his hand became greasy and he rolled the ball in it before teeing up and driving off, with the welcome result that no snow adhered to it.

No claim was made in this case.



Considerable satisfaction is expressed at the inclusion of Stewart Burns, the Scottish professional, in the British Ryder Cup team.



Another member of the team is Henry Cotton, the London professional, who has played a considerable amount of golf against Americans.

W. Burke, W. Klein,
and J. Turnesa.

AN OLD STORY.

I HEARD a story the other day which is quite new to me. It concerns that famous couple, Ben Sayers and Kirkaldy, and in the hope that my readers have not heard it either I propose to tell it here. Usually in these stories Sayers comes out best; but in this case the boot was on the other leg.

Kirkaldy was playing Sayers in one of their big exhibition matches. It was a very cold and frosty day and there had been a slight fall of snow—not enough to

cause the match to be abandoned but quite enough to make golf very difficult. Play was very even until they reached the greens, where it was noticed that Kirkaldy found no difficulty with the putting,

Brighter Bridge

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA as a standard feature. The answers to the problems, must reach this office not later than first post on the Friday following publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM VIII.

This problem comes from America, and is one of the subtlest hands ever brought to my notice:

North	
♠	6, 5, 4, 2.
♥	J, 6, 5, 2.
♦	A, Q, 7.
♣	8, 5.
West	
♠	A, K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 3.
♥	—
♦	K, J, 2.
♣	K, J, 10
East	
♠	J, 7
♥	7
♦	10, 9, 8, 4
♣	9, 7, 6, 4, 3, 2
South	
♠	—
♥	A, K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 4, 3
♦	6, 5, 3
♣	A, Q

The bidding:—

South.	West.	North.	East.
4 H	4 S	5 H	No
No	5 S	No	No
6 H	Dbl.	All pass	

Demonstrate, by giving a tabular analysis of the play, South's finest method of attack and West's of defence.

THE ORIGINAL NO TRUMP CALL.

It will come as something of a shock to the great majority of bridge players to be told that this is a call which should be used only on comparatively rare occasions. In many manuals, now *démodé*, one is told to look for a No Trump as soon as one looks at one's cards: it were truer (but not true) to say that it is rather the last call to look for.

When playing in poor company, bid as many No Trumbers as you can; when playing in good company, bid as few—originally.

On overwhelming hands, of course, with weakness in no suit, one may bid No Trumps with impunity and correctness—but freaks are rare. It is on the borderline of average No Trumper that I would issue to players Mr. Punch's advice on marriage—Don't.

In these days of the negative double, dealer bids No Trump on a "dealer's No Trumper"; second hand doubles; third hand prays, and fourth hand passes. Result, 400 or 500 against the dealer. I have seen this happen

at the card table over and over again—and very profitable, too, if you are playing the defence.

THE ROBERTSON RULE.

Even apart from the double, though: Dealer, One No Trump; Second hand, No Bid; Third (on a decent hand with five of the major to K, Q), two Spades; Fourth hand, No Bid; Dealer, No Bid; Second hand, Three Hearts; Third, Three Spades; Fourth hand, *Double*.

A penalty of three hundred has been registered in this position—and this sort of thing is directly due to the weak No Trump.

The Robertson rule suggested that a hand guarded in three suits, and a Queen above the average, justified the call; the late Ernest Borgholt raised the requirement to a King above average. I am inclined to raise the requirement to at least an Ace above the average, or its equivalent—save in exceptional circumstances.

With the modern four card bid, and the negative double, the weak No Trumper is as dead as the dodo, but its ghost is a great deal more dangerous.

The great American authority, Milton C. Work, recommends a bid he designates as a "Class B" No Trumper. This consists of two powerful short suits. He believes, for example, in a No Trump call on—Spades, A, K, 10; Hearts, A, Q, J; Diamonds, x x x x; Clubs, x x x.

In my opinion, such a type of hand is insufficiently protected in the minor suits to venture a No Trump bid.

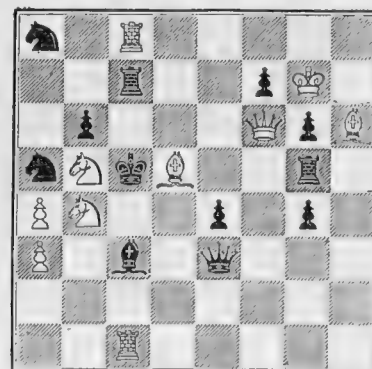
This hand needs more space than can be given for discussion this week. I shall return to consideration of it anon.

Owing to the fact that closing day for the competitions is now Friday instead of Wednesday, the solution of Problem VI is held over until next week.—Bridge Editor.]

CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Problem No. 10 by NORRIS-EASTER



White to play and mate in two moves.

Game No. 10. Played in the fifth round of the Premier Tournament at Hastings.

English Opening.

White	Black
1. Takacs	V. Buerger
1 P-QB1	Kt-KB3
2 Kt-KB1	P-K3
3 P-KKt1	P-Q4
4 B-Kt2	B-K2
5 O-O	O-O
6 P-Kt3	P-B1
7 PxP	KtxP
8 B-Kt2	QKt-B3
9 P-Q3	P-QKt1
10 QKt-Q2	B-Kt2
11 Kt-B1	R-B1
12 Q-Q2	B-R1
13 Kt-K3	B-B3
14 BxB	KtXB
15 Kt-B4	Q-K2
16 Kt(B4)-K5	KR-Q1
17 QR-B1	Kt-Q2
18 KtxKt(B3)	BxKt
19 R-B2	P-KR3
20 KR-B1	B-Kt2
21 Q-K3	Kt-B3
22 R-B4	Kt-Q4
23 Q-K5	R-Q3
24 R-KKt4	Kt-B3
25 R-KR4	R-Q4
26 Q-Kt2	P-KKt1
27 R-R4 (a)	B-Kt1
28 RxP!	QxR
29 QxKt	R-B4
30 QxRP	Q-K2
31 Kt-Q4 (b)	Resigns

(a) An intriguing position. There is only one safe retreat for the R, and apparently he is scuttling away for safety, but the sequel is surprising. If 27 RxRP, K-Kt2; 28 R-K3, P-Kt5.

(b) Another excellent move. . . now, PxKt 32 RxRch, B-K1; 33 B-B6.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed, Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Friday next.

Problem No. 9 (Chess Editor). Key K-Kt5. If K-K4; 2 K-B4. If P-K4; 2 R-R4. If Kt-Q4; Kt-B2. If Kt-Kt3; 2 Q-Q6. If P-Kt5; 2 QxKt. The key allows a flight, which is followed by a pin-mate.

Second key, R-R4ch, forming a neat, though unintentional, second solution trap. Tries, Kt-B7 or Kt7 defeated by P-K4! Only six solvers found both keys!

The entry in the "Ladder" Tourney is so great that it is quite impossible to publish names, and numbers have been forwarded to solvers. Will C. B. R. kindly send his address, and A. P. Alford is asked to write clearly.

Correct solution of Problem No. 8, two points from Nos. 1, 14, 21, 22, 25, 46, 48, 49, 51, 72, 83, 85, 96, 97, 112, 113, 120, 125, 126, 127, 142, 143, 145, 162, 163, 165, 172, 173, 174, 175, 182, 184, 185, 186, 201, 217, 227, 228, 229. Try, B-Q2 defeated by B-B5!

Problem No. 9, four points, Nos. 15, 51, 96, 173, 184, 217. Two points, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 14, 16, 17, 18, 21, 22, 25, 47, 48, 49, 50, 52, 53, 54, 83, 84, 85, 104, 111, 112, 113, 124, 125, 126, 127, 142, 143, 156, 162, 163, 172, 174, 182, 183, 185, 187, 188, 189, 200, 201, 203, 216, 226, 227, 229, 230.

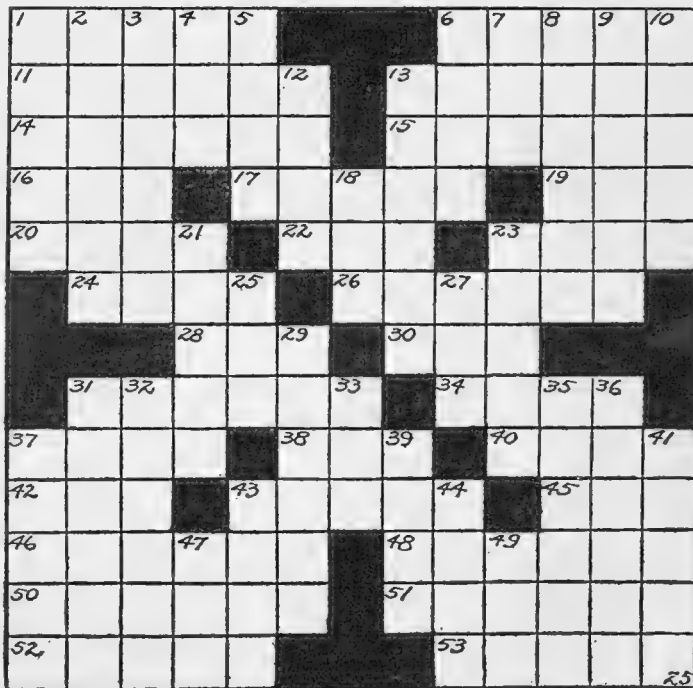
Many solvers stumbled at near tries in both Problems.

Britannia Crosswords—No. 11.

CLUES.

ACROSS.—1. Pertaining to the nose. 6. Unpolished. 11. Eggs, beaten with milk and fried. 13. More quickly. 14. Bank clerk. 15. Indigenous. 16. Finish. 17. Source. 19. Twitching of the muscles. 20. Halt. 22. Swab. 23. Acme. 24. Complacent. 26. Rest. 28. Fit out. 30. Hurry. 31. Picturesque. 34. Deadened. 37. Sound made by a pleased cat. 38. Because. 40. Cleansing substance. 42. Malt liquor. 43. A garret. 45. Fasten. 46. Cling. 48. Useless. 50. Tried. 51. Legal action to recover personal property. 52. Express contempt. 53. Acts.

DOWN.—1. Observes. 2. Catkins. 3. No often. 4. The whole. 5. Ogle. 6. Persuade. 7. Decay. 8. Joins. 9. Contrive. 10. Upright. 12. Type of car. 13. Sharpshooter. 18. European beetle. 21. More refined. 23. Extra compensation. 25. Alcoholic liquor. 27. Witty saying. 29. Talented. 31. Ill-tempered. 32. Dagger with a wavy blade. 33. Portable bed. 35. Predominant idea. 36. Became surety for. 37. Agreements. 39. Slit. 41. Persons of noble lineage. 43. State positively. 44. Coagulated portion of milk used in making cheese. 47. Goddess of mischief. 49. To touch with the shoes.



ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD, No. 10.

ACROSS.—1. Raw. 4. Amend. 9. Tames. 14. Eva. 15. Valve. 16. Elect. 17. Linger. 19. To. 20. S.A. 21. La. 22. Eater. 23. Short. 25. Fir. 26. Atom. 27. Spile. 28. Wept. 29. Son. 30. Spans. 31. House. 32. Er. 33. Thong. 34. Corded. 35. Shirk. 36. Molds. 37. Cohort. 39. Fails. 40. Po. 42. Aport. 43. Briny. 44. Pin. 45. Spun. 46. Grids. 47. Fast. 48. Tot. 49. Pouts. 50. Vista. 51. Is. 52. Ea. 53. It. 54. Mentor. 55. Leper.

57. Sewer. 59. Eli. 60. Edile. 61. Edema. 62. Leo.

DOWN.—1. Release. 2. Aviator. 3. Wanton. 4. Aver. 5. Mar. 6. El. 7. Nothing. 8. Drools. 9. Test. 10. Ala. 11. Me. 12. Eclipse. 13. Started. 18. Gem. 23. Spank. 24. Re. 25. Fends. 27. Sport. 28. Words. 30. Shirt. 31. Holly. 33. Thorn. 34. Coins. 35. Shout. 36. Maids. 37. Castile. 38. Opposed. 39. Fritted. 40. Pistols. 41. Ontario. 43. Bruise. 44. Pastel. 46. Go. 47. Fin. 49. Pare. 50. Vera. 52. Eel. 54. Mem. 56. Pi. 58. We.



'Chasing at Lingfield. The first jump in the Troytown Handicap Steeplechase, in which Gate Book and Transit dead-heated with Lcrid third.

A Miscellany of Week-end SPORT on Land and Water

Outboard Motor Boat Racing is increasing in popularity, and a new club has been formed at Rickmansworth. Ladies are seen fixing their lifebelts before a race.



International Rugger Men at Golf. After their victory over England on Saturday, the Irish team met Roehampton at Golf on Sunday. H. Thrift (Ireland) driving from the first tee.



Cross Country Running in Yorkshire. Competitors in the Yorkshire C.C. Championship race at Westwood, Leeds, which was won by Beavers (York) with Harper (Hallamshire) second.



Outboard Motor Boat enthusiasts in the first official trials at Burgh Lake, Rickmansworth, when some high speeds were obtained.



The Duke of York shakes hands with the Irish team before the match.

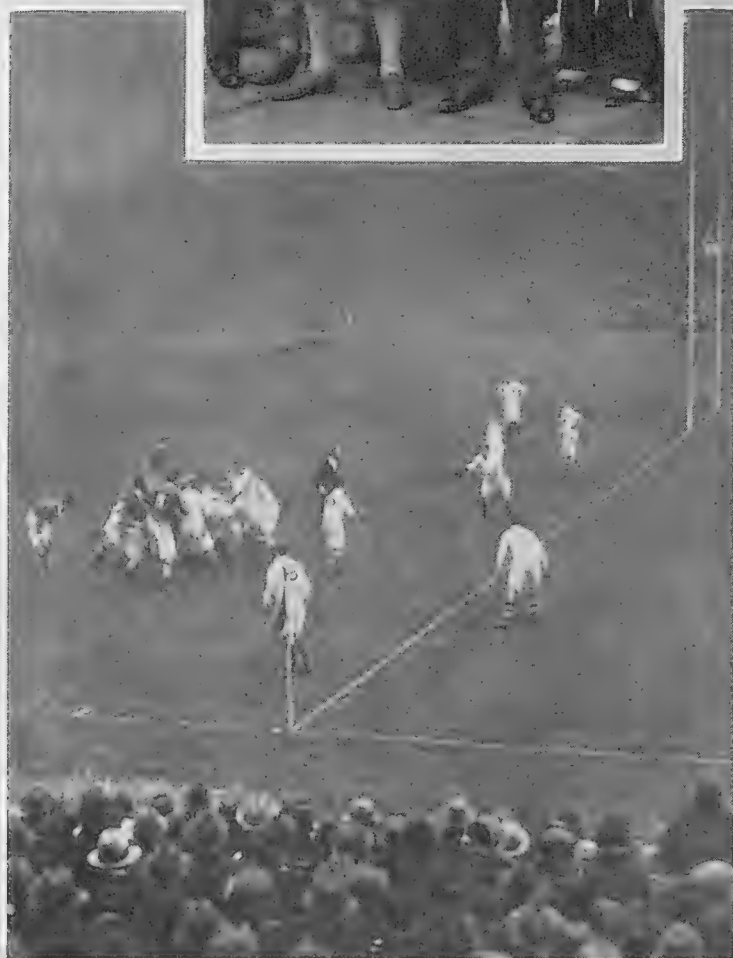


Left: Irish enthusiasts wait outside Buckingham Palace to witness the King's departure for Bognor.

Rugger Thrills at Twickenham when Ireland beat England by Six Points to Five in a Stirring Match.



Right: An Irishman is well tackled when breaking away with the ball in his possession.



A view of the game. England get the ball from a scrum when their line is in danger and start a counter-attack.



All hands to the ball. An Irishman jumps and is successful in getting the ball in a line-out. The visiting forwards played a superb game.

The Importance of Film Humour

The prevalent shortage of humour on the screen is deplored by our critic, who suggests that this side might with advantage be developed, especially in British productions.

By

Maitland Davidson.

IS there any valid reason why we should not have a bit more humour in our films? As a screen fan, who never sees less than about seven pictures a week and has done as many as three in one day, I have been struck with the general seriousness of the greater number of these affairs. Pageantry we may get and picturesqueness, rough-stuff and sob-stuff, kisses and revolver-shots in plenty, but rather a lack of laughter and a shortage of smiles.

I wonder if this may be partly due to the comparative youth of screen drama. Beginners, like converts, are apt to take themselves extra earnestly, and I seem to remember that early founders of stage drama, like dear old Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides of our schooldays, mostly went all out for the heavy spectacular line of business, with comedy a bad second.

If there is anything in the theory, it may help also to account for the fact that British producers, who started so much later in the race, have shown themselves hitherto distinctly less fertile on the humorous side than their American rivals of longer experience.

NEGLECTED POSSIBILITIES.

NOT for the world would I suggest that our screen art is lacking in potentialities of humour; only that these have not yet been adequately developed. One could do with a larger supply from elsewhere, too, on the lines of, for instance, the sparkingly explosive comedy of *Three Week - Ends*, with Miss Clara Bow as protagonist.

Or *What a Night*, in which Miss Bebé Daniels appears as a woman reporter who makes any amount of terrible blunders. ("I never knew what the word jinx meant till I engaged you," says the editor, little guessing that the



An episode in the new film, "Piccadilly," at the Carlton, with the fascinating Anna May Wong as the central figure.

word may be also something of a mystery to us), but gallantly, if comically, wins through in the end. Both these films, by the way, are due to be shown at the Plaza before long, and anyone who misses either is doing his visory muscles a terrible wrong.

THE CHAPLIN TOUCH.

THAT is comedy with a dash of farce; now, might we not also have some more of the purely ridiculous among all the earnest strivings? I will make a confession. I went to a London cinema the other day specially to see again that excellent war picture *Q-Ships*; by a miscalculation of times I missed it, but I saw Mr. Charlie Chaplin in *Shoulder Arms* instead. A rank absurdity—but I was so heartened by repeated spontaneous bubblings of childish laughter behind me (as well as my own) that I passed out to the next engagement without any sense of loss.

Mr. Chaplin, of course, is not easily available for us, nor such a galaxy of stars, comic and otherwise, as appear in that very delightful picture, *Show People*, which was put on at the Empire recently, and in which Miss Marion Davies figures as lead in a satire on a swollen-headed Hollywood actress, with Mr. "Doug" Fairbanks, Mr. John Gilbert, Miss Norma Talmadge, Mr. Rod la Rocque and others as glorified supers.

Mr. la Rocque, by the way, is to be seen at the Capitol this coming week in yet another type of film exemplifying



A studio portrait of Dolores del Rio, one of the most popular film "stars," who is now engaged in making the film "Evangeline" at Hollywood.

the possibilities of humour. There is crime in *Captain Swagger*, of which he is the dashing hero, but it is treated lightly and entertainingly, and the titles have some real wit.

IMPORTANCE OF NOT BEING EARNEST.

THERE is another point, I think, we might well remember—and even glean something in that respect from our hated—and envied—Hollywood rivals, who make, it is true, many horrible mistakes but are always ready to scrap their errors and

learn. The value, I mean, of cultivating the light touch even in screen plays that are not primarily labelled as humorous.

The importance of being earnest can be gravely exaggerated, and lack of humour may be death to the most gravely vital situation. Take, for example, that awful moment in the British International film, *The Manxman*, when Kate's

love-child by Philip has just been born and the doctor, coming down to the room where Philip and her unsuspecting husband are waiting, asks: "Where's the father?" On the innocent utterance of which few kind words there arose; I regret to say, unquenchable laughter among the deathless gods (as Homer once put it) of both circle and stalls.

FATAL SLOWNESS.

HUMOUR is not very preponderant either, or even noticeable in *The Bondman*, another British picture which they put on at the Marble Arch Pavilion lately—whence, I wonder, comes this vogue for filming the doubtless meritorious, but singularly old-fashioned, novels of Sir Hall Caine? This is not such a bad story in the melodrama line, but the picture is, like so many other British ones, alas, terribly slow. The much-vaunted and in some ways effective *Piccadilly*, shown at the Carlton, is also very long-drawn-out, though the presence of Oriental seductive Miss Anna May Wong lends it a certain inevitable distinction.

If only our British film magnates would learn, as American ones are learning, the supreme importance of humour—humour not only for itself but as the sworn foe of solemnity and heavy-handedness, the inspirer of rapid action and the butterfly touch! *Disce et impera* is the topical version of the old tag—learn to smile at the proper moments and the coconut or prize packet of Wild Woodbines is yours.

Let us, therefore, demand more humour in films and go on demanding it until producers agree to give us what we want.

Correspondence

CAN WE AFFORD IT?

My answer to your query, "Can we afford it?" is that we can not only afford the money that is spent on social services but that it is vital to the well-being of the nation that we should.

I agree that the estimates now being prepared by the various Government departments need very careful pruning, but first of all start on the Admiralty and the War Office.

These last-named are the drain on the Nation's resources, and for which we shall see no tangible return. The naval and military experts will keep us poor all the while this talk of the "next war" goes on. By inculcating in your readers the absolute necessity for the will to peace and consequent disarmament you would be doing a far greater public service than by advocating a cheese-paring policy in regard to essential social services.—ERNEST H. COOK.

WHAT ARE ROMAN CATHOLICS?

The gentleman who refers to our forefathers who built our great Cathedrals as "Roman Catholics" is guilty of a gross inaccuracy calculated to mislead the ignorant.

The term "Roman Catholic" can only properly be applied to the followers of the Italian Mission settled in this country since the Reformation.

Our forefathers who reared these marvels of piety and devotion belonged to the Universal Church, as do their present custodians, and although Romanists can claim to be a branch of that Church it is not proper to apply that nomenclature to the unreformed Church of pre-Tudor days.—G. E. TARBUTT.

WOMEN WILL NOT FAVOUR PROHIBITION

With reference to Joan Kennedy's article, it seems that she has failed to take into account several important points. Women like to rule their men themselves; they do not like others, even the law, to do so. Men are more amenable to discipline than women, and look upon laws as things to be observed. Women, on the other hand, are irritated by them, and I do not think they will vote for any additional restrictions.

There has been a great change in women's attitude and mentality of recent years, and they now dress more like men, associate more with them, and are beginning to look upon everyday matters like men, with the result that their habits are becoming much the same and they are more convivial. Anyway, women, however sentimental, are becoming very practical as well, and I think the majority will realise that in many respects drink restrictions will prove irksome to them also; so they will not vote for them.

It is true that a few women suffer through their husband's insobriety, but I do not think that the woman, whose husband is a sober citizen who likes an occasional glass, will support prohibition because her neighbour has a husband who is a drunkard.—R. G. FIFE.

THE EVILS OF OPIUM

It was a pleasure to read your Diarist's reasoned comments on the too generally exaggerated evils of opium smoking, an exaggeration brought about largely by the

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

effects of *chandu* on the few degenerate occidentals who abuse the habit.

In British Malaya—where the *chandu* monopoly is properly controlled—during the early days of the war, when for various reasons opium was not available, a marked loss in both health and working efficiency was observed among Chinese coolies.

During several years' close contact with the Chinese coolie I have experienced very few cases of the abuse of opium smoking, but, unfortunately, very many of the regrettably acquired habit of drinking "Western" spirits, or Oriental imitations thereof.

Our "drinks" are as alien to the Chinese constitution as *chandu* is to ours. Appreciation of this fact would be of benefit both to the East and the West.—R. A. B. ADAMS.

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

"We need leaders like Mussolini and Poincaré, and patriotic men and women should not rest until they find them . . ." Thus Lord Rothermere.

The policy of Mussolini and Poincaré has been one of national self-denial. Italy under Mussolini is a country of restrictions. A one-man government could not exist under our present Democratic system. If Lord Rothermere wants a Mussolini, why does he not advocate a radical change in our form of government? I wonder if Lord Rothermere, Poincaré, and Mussolini share the same views on the "freedom of the Press."—JOHN D. ERYL EVANS.

BACON AS A SERPENT

Lord Birkenhead, in his appreciative but trenchantly critical review of Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex*, does not agree with Mr. Strachey's portrait of Francis Bacon. "That he was such a creature as Mr. Strachey suggests I for one do not believe," says Lord Birkenhead; and he continues, "Throughout this book he is treated as a serpent, whose presence somehow contaminated that strange and romantic Eden in which the youthful Essex was created from a rib of the masculine but pusillanimous Elizabeth."

I think it is worth while to recall and to place alongside the portrait sketched by Mr. Strachey that drawn by Bernard Cracroft, in his essay on *The Worldly Wisdom of Bacon*, his clever essays, reprinted from the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*, etc.:

"At no time probably in English history was the individual personality of the leading men, in contradistinction to the operation of representative class action, so highly developed. . . . Hence the absorbing interest, the passionate attention of such men as Bacon to details of Court influence, which at this distance seem mean, petty, and trivial, but which at the time were, no doubt, felt to be vitally connected with the great interests of the day. . . ."

"Bacon's advice to Essex in regard to the Queen is that of a conceited young philosopher, very vain of his own sagacity

and experience, zealously prompting and instructing an older and more headstrong brother how to deal with a refractory and crotchety sister. Hence the cunning of the serpent of which Bacon is accused. . . . Bacon tells Essex to labour to remove the impression of his nature being *opiniastre* and not ruleable, and for that end offers certain suggestions.

"And so Bacon goes on through two octavo pages more, refining and analysing with a minuteness utterly alien to the statesmanship of the present day, which strives to rise, apart from personal considerations, to the calculus of general causes.

"That much of Bacon's advice seems, in itself, intrinsically mean, we do not for a moment deny; but what we feel very strongly is, that until we can place ourselves in the peculiar focus of his own familiar position, and of the personal relations of the great family of statesmen who then lived around the English throne, occupied by an able, crafty, and conceited—a vacillating and dangerous—woman, whose word could and did decide the fate of any one or more of them, we cannot rightly judge the exact standard of Bacon's worldly wisdom."

One feels that, before portraying Bacon, Mr. Strachey did not place himself in that peculiar focus of Bacon's own familiar position and personal relationship to those around the throne of the crafty and pusillanimous Queen.—G. BROWN.

A DICTATORSHIP OF BRAINS

Permit me to compliment you on your analysis of the coal problem. It is the best statement I have yet seen on this important question.

You upbraid the Government for its inactivity with respect to the coal problem; but does the fault lie entirely with the Government? It is to be feared that our system of government is largely to blame.

We send people to Parliament who are ill-equipped, both by training and natural ability, for the task of government. For the most part they are trained for other occupations, such as tailors, teachers, miners, railway workers, journalists and lawyers, who bring practically nothing but party prejudice to the task of governing the country, and who have the desire, but little ability, for this important function.

Probably the most urgent necessity in our national economy is a Dictatorship of Brains. Parliament should appoint, say, five or six persons of the type of Sir Josiah Stamp, J. M. Keynes, Lord Melchett, Miss Susan Lawrence, Dr. Tom Jones, and Philip Snowden to carry out the functions of a government.

Coupled with this should be the abolition of the franchise. These people would then constitute a permanent governing authority which would function continuously and independently of any party interests. This would ensure:—(a) Continuity of policy; (b) Government by a competent authority; and (c) Adaptability of government to present day requirements.

Problems would be analysed, and the various factors placed in their proper perspective, irrespective of party considerations or class interests.—ALFRED MORGAN.

Finance & City Section

You and your Money

By A.G. Walsh

EVENTS of the last few weeks may go down in financial history as the fight between British and American capitalists for Rhodesia's rich copper deposits—hidden wealth of untold amount. There was no bitter conflict, and by the tactful withdrawal of the American offer the great undeveloped wealth of Northern Rhodesia remains available for British investors.

It was a contest between the giants of finance, backed by colossal resources. It was the American Smelting and Refining Company, as representing the powerful Guggenheim interests, on the one hand, and a combination of the South African mining houses on the other. Prominent in the latter group are the new Rhodesian Anglo-American Corporation, and the British South Africa (Chartered) Company.

It is not without significance that Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, Chairman of the Rhodesian Anglo-American Corporation, is at present visiting the new mineral areas. With him is Mr. "Solly" Joel, head of the Barnato group, which is largely interested in the new corporation. Other mining experts, too, are there, and the greatest importance attaches to these visits. They are not mere coincidence.

OUR COPPER NEEDS.

IT was at the recent annual meeting of Bwana M'Kubwa that Sir Edmund Davis, the chairman, gave such a glowing account of the possibilities of these copper deposits. He expressed the view that the companies developing the areas would be producing within a very few years the whole of the copper required by Great Britain. That is about 180,000 tons per annum.

Hitherto, the great Belgian property—the Union Minière—across the Rhodesian border, has been regarded as a wonder in the way of production. Its output at present is 115,000 metric tons per annum, and the potential capacity, I believe, is somewhere about 200,000 tons. The British interest in this is through Tanganyika Concessions, Ltd.

AMERICA'S FORESIGHT.

AS Americans have been large buyers of Rhodesian copper shares, the question may be asked, Why? It is not because they desire to make money out of share-dealing, or they fancy them merely as an investment. They are looking to the future, to the far possibilities, to a period twenty years ahead, when most of the existing copper mines will be exhausted.

It would appear from the economic aspects of the Rhodesian copper belt that there will be no serious mining difficulties,

and that the cost of production will be much lower than on the large American mines. Only seven of the American mines can produce copper at under £40 per ton.

Another favourable feature is that the Rhodesian mines possess more higher-grade ore than do the American mines, and, with ample native labour available it will require a much smaller capital expenditure to produce a ton of copper as compared with the United States.

It is reasonable, therefore, to argue that if the American mines have earned handsome profits, those of Northern Rhodesian should be able to repeat the performance. I am not forgetting that the selling price of the metal will be a dominating factor; but I have no fears in this direction. The world demand for copper, an essential metal in peace and war, is increasing.

NOT FOR SMALL INVESTORS.

THIS now brings me to an important aspect of the subject. This is Rhodesian copper shares from the investor's standpoint. Let me impress upon you that these are not for the small investor at the moment. The time should come when they will be attractive.

Just now no dividends are in sight; so it is a waiting game. Investors who cannot afford to be without an annual return on their capital can do better elsewhere. Investors who cannot afford to risk temporary depreciation of their capital also should eschew for the time being these shares.

Rather would I recommend, on any temporary setback—they seem a little high now—Chartered shares, for, by reason of its royalties, the British South Africa Company will participate in the benefits to be derived from the copper without any of the disadvantages sometimes encountered in developing a mine.

AS I have already stated, Rhodesian copper shares have far possibilities. They are for the investor who can put his money into them, lock them away, and forget about them for three or four years. The

rapidity of the development of these copper propositions will depend on the ability of the companies to obtain the necessary capital readily.

The shares to which I am referring are particularly those of the Bwana M'Kubwa—which owns the great N'kana mine—the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession, and the N'Changa companies. Just now these shares have become popular mediums of speculation and they probably will remain so for some time.

ARIZONAS.

WHILE on this subject I may mention that the considerable rise in Arizona Copper shares to over 27s. has prompted many readers north of the Tweed to seek my opinion on the prospects of this Edinburgh company. Should the shares be retained? I think so.

Years ago the company's copper properties were acquired by the great American group, the Phelps Dodge Corporation, a block of whose shares now form the Arizona's principal asset. This holding of 50,000 shares is becoming valuable and I must confess that I am hopeful an irresistible offer for it will come from the other side.

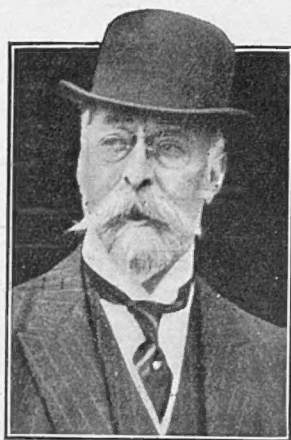
Meanwhile Phelps Dodge shares are soaring in value, and it is this, perhaps more than the hope of an early offer for the holding, that has caused a sympathetic improvement in Arizonas. To ascertain the relative values of the two shares, Arizonas ought to be worth approximately one-thirtieth of a Phelps Dodge share.

Now the price of Phelps Dodge has risen lately from \$190 to \$290 a share, and at the current rate of exchange Arizonas should be worth something nearer 40s. than 30s. No allowance is made for any current liabilities or other small assets, so that my estimate is necessarily arbitrary, but it serves to show that Arizona shares at the moment of writing are worth more on merits than their quoted price.

PROSPECTUS ESTIMATES

BECAUSE they fail to recognise that "estimated profits" in a prospectus are the best are mere probabilities, and often are based upon nothing more solid than a mixture of guesswork and optimism, thousands of small investors apply for any new share without investigating its merits.

The first accounts of Wembley Stadium and Greyhound Racecourse afford an example of the pie-crust character of prospectus promises. Revenue of £340,000 and, after deduction of expenses, a net profit of £219,600 on a capital of £255,000 were the expectations held out in the prospectus.



Mr. S. B. Joel, now visiting the copper deposits of Northern Rhodesia in connection with recent developments there.



Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, Chairman of Rhodesian Anglo-American Corporation, which is financing Rhodesian copper propositions.

IF IR IE IE

J. D. C. Machay
Principal
The School
of Accountancy



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Readers will see in the above few lines more wonderful news than is to be found in many volumes on the same subject.

YOU AND YOUR MONEY—(continued)

Small wonder that some witless speculators willingly paid 6s. and 7s. for the one shilling deferred shares. They are not worth so many pence now. And the position to-day? A modest net profit of £13,048. For the shareholders? Oh, no; debenture interest, taxation reserve and depreciation all come out of that surplus. And there is only £4,310 left for the shareholders. No dividends under the circumstances.

I don't for a moment suggest that people who issue prospectuses should be able to prophesy results. Anticipations put forward with the best will often are upset by unforeseen happenings. But I do think that the practice of setting out estimates in a prospectus has been grossly overdone. Some promoters obviously allow their imagination to get the better of them. So we get "over-estimates."

CORDOBA CENTRAL.

LATELY, the traffic returns of the Cordoba Central Railway have shown a series of small declines. Not enough so far to put the dividend in jeopardy. On seven months' working the disclosed reductions total £36,000 gross. After deducting the proportion of working expenses, I should imagine that the real loss is no more than £12,000 to date.

In the last financial year the receipts exceeded £3½ million, while net revenue was £906,688. The reduction in earnings, you will notice, is a mere bagatelle.

It in no way affects the position of the 5 per cent. non-cumulative preference stock, which I consider to be a very attractive purchase at £64 for £100 of stock. This is equivalent to 13s. for each £1 worth. And where can you obtain a £1 preference share so cheaply? The yield on the purchase price is over 7½ per cent.

UNDERGROUND ORDINARY.

THE final dividend of 4 per cent. on the £1 ordinary shares of the Underground Electric Railways makes the year's total 7 per cent. I consider that rate to be very satisfactory, and shareholders will probably find that the forthcoming accounts will show that amount earned on the ordinary capital in the past year was about 9 per cent. As an investment for the future I regard Underground ordinary shares as most promising, and before many years pass they should be in receipt of dividends exceeding 10 per cent.

ARMSTRONG'S £14,000,000 LOSSES.

WHAT do I think of the Armstrong Whitworth capital scheme? It is certainly drastic; but very necessary. That great engineering enterprise is groaning under a burden of "dead" capital—capital not represented by tangible assets.

From my correspondence I learn that some holders of the preference and ordinary shares consider they are asked to make too great a sacrifice. What they apparently do not understand is that the existing share capital is unrepresented by real assets. The losses to be written off total £14,117,000, which is more than £4,000,000 in excess of the issued share capital.

The bankers have saved the situation. The Bank of England as holder of £4,271,986 debenture stock has released its lien on the assets and agrees to accept £2,350,000 new

shares in full satisfaction of its claim. By this action the proportion of the assets that rightly belong to the Bank as a holder of debentures has been preserved for the participation of the shareholders.

Even so the shareholders have to submit to the wiping out of most of their capital. Holders of each £1 ordinary share have to be content with sixpenny worth of new shares for each existing £1 share, recently worth 2s. 3d. in the market. The First preference shareholders are to receive new shares of the face value of 15s. for each £5 share; the Second preference 2s. for each £1 share; and the Third preference 1s. for each £1.

These are heavy sacrifices; but seemingly there is no other way out of the ugly financial mess in which the company finds itself.

SEQUEL TO A BOOM PROMOTION.

SHAREHOLDERS of Jute Industries, Ltd., a combine formed during the industrial boom of 1920, are asked to submit to a cut of £2,850,000 in the capital of £4½ million. Here again is a company struggling with a capital upon which it cannot earn reasonable dividends.

But this was only one flaw in the financial structure. The initial mistake, in my

opinion, was the comparatively large amount of preference capital carrying a fixed dividend of 9 per cent., with further participation in the profits. It meant that the company was financed on dear terms. However, that is past history.

What is now proposed is that the shareholders should agree to the preference shares being written down from £1 to 10s. each, and the ordinary from £1 to 2s. each; that

the preference dividend arrears should be cancelled; and the future dividend thereon be 8 per cent., with the right to a share of any profits in excess of the amount required to pay the fixed rate.

Expressed in terms of money, it will require £120,000 a year to meet the 8 per cent. preference dividend. Should the profits be £150,000, the difference of £30,000 will be divisible as to four-fifths to the preference shareholders and one-fifth to the ordinary, thus giving the former 9½ per cent.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO DIVIDENDS.

IMPERIAL Tobacco net profits are £9,599,706. This is an increase of £371,910 over 1927, and is thus in keeping with the average rate of expansion. What, perhaps, is exercising the minds of many shareholders is the question of future dividends. The proposed free bonus of one new share for every four held will raise the ordinary capital by 25 per cent. Therefore, to maintain present dividend—which is 26 per cent. free of tax—will absorb an additional £1,950,000.

I doubt very much whether the profits of the next two years will expand to that extent. Of course, a reduction in income tax would alter the situation, as the company itself pays the tax on its dividends. It may be deemed expedient to reduce temporarily the rate of dividend, but not to give the shareholders a smaller cash return than they now receive. This sounds paradoxical. What I mean is that a dividend of 21 per cent. on the larger capital would equal the existing rate of 26 per cent.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresh House, Strand, London.

YOU and the BANK RATE

What it means to the Man in the Street

TO such a momentous event as a change in the Bank Rate the man in the street gives little thought. His attitude invariably is: Why all this fuss; what difference can a rise in the Bank Rate make to me? So he refuses to become interested in what he regards as something associated with High Finance.

But the Bank Rate does concern the public; and in many ways, too. Most investors are affected one way or another. A change in the Bank Rate can and does make a little alteration in the market values of high-class securities. An increase in the rate means dearer money, which is another way of expressing a rise in interest rates.

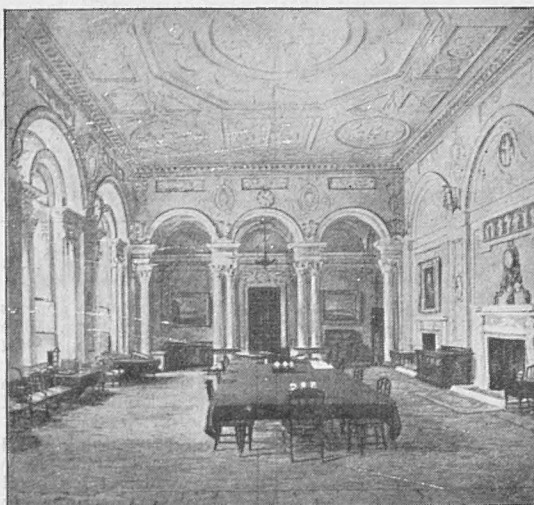
Naturally when interest rates are advanced investors expect a little more on their money. But if the interest on investment securities are fixed, how can a better return be obtained? By reducing the market price of securities.

For example, a $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. debenture is standing at $95\frac{1}{2}$, at which it affords a yield of £5 16s. per cent. Prospective buyers consider that as money is dear they ought to have a higher return, and so refuse to pay that price. The market price accordingly comes down to below 92 to put the stock on a 6 per cent. yield basis. That is what should happen theoretically.

ITS EFFECT UPON INVESTMENTS.

ICAN console you by stating that such declines seldom happen in practice. A rise in the Bank Rate should reduce values, as I have

shown; but if holders refuse to sell out at lower quotations it would be futile to mark down values other than by a mere fraction.



Court Room of Bank of England where the Bank Rate decisions are arrived at every Thursday forenoon. Reproduced from THE BANK BOOK by Maude Parker, R.W.A., and published by Eyre & Spottiswoode, Ltd., London, E.C.

And it is by a fraction only that most gilt-edged stocks vary when the Bank Rate does change.

It is in the speculative securities that the price changes are most marked, these being the stocks and shares that one might expect to be financed on borrowed money. On the idea that holders will prefer to sell part of their holdings and reduce their loans rather than submit to an increase of one per cent. in the interest market quotations are put against possible sellers at once.

SAVING OUR GOLD.

IN some degree, a rise in the bank rate hits the business community by making credit dearer—that is, raising loan rates—and causing a slight rise in the cost of living. In my opinion, there is a disposition to exaggerate the effects of dearer money. An increase of one per cent. in interest rates works out at less than three-halfpence per £ on a six months' overdraft or bank loan. I cannot imagine how trade will be thus handicapped. Industry was not particularly prosperous under the lower bank rate.

A good deal of nonsense often is talked when the rate goes up. Let me explain what the Bank rate really is. It is a general indication of the terms upon which the Bank of England is willing to transact business. Accordingly the other banks adopt the official rate as the basis of interest rates.

But there is a close connection between the bank rate and the international monetary situation. It is essential that a certain amount of gold be retained in this country as a backing to the note issue. In less than five months £26 millions of gold have gone abroad. Why? Chiefly because of the higher interest rates elsewhere, particularly in New York owing to the speculative boom in Wall Street.

Now gold, representing money, seeks the best possible interest, and so to attract back the gold it has been found necessary to raise the Bank rate. A. G. WALSH.



Photo: Vandyk

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INDEX of CONTENTS.

Vol. II. Issue of BRITANNIA February, 15, 1929. No. 21
SIXPENCE EACH WEEK

FRONTISPIECE	129
EDITORIAL COMMENT	130
THE WORLD OF POLITICS .. " Westminster "	131
BAD MANNERS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS	132, 133
BRITANNIA'S DIARY	134, 135
SHIPS MAY COME AND SHIPS MAY GO	136
CHEER UP, BRITAIN!	137
AIR-PORTS OF THE FUTURE	138, 139
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH OF THE FUTURE	140
PEACE IN INDUSTRY	141
TIN GODS IN COTTON WOOL	142, 143
POEMS IN PORCELAIN	144
THE CAPTAIN OF THE RED CIRCLE. A STORY	145-148
THE MERCHANT NAVY	149
" UNPLEASANT " PLAYS	150, 151
IMPOSING D.O.R.A. ON THE CHURCH	152, 153
POINTS ABOUT LOUD SPEAKERS	154
THE CULT OF SECOND BEST	155
BRIGHTON OR THE RIVIERA?	156
THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH	157
THE BUSINESS OF BEING A KING	158, 159
FRENCH PRINTS	160, 161
A PICK OF THE BOOK MARKET	162
THE RESURRECTION OF CHEB. A STORY	163-166

WOMAN'S SECTION.

FRONTISPIECE	167
BEAUTY THROUGH THE AGES	168, 169
NATURE AND YOU PERSONALLY	170
SOME TOILET ACCESSORIES OF OUR ANCESTORS	171
FASHION TO-DAY IS THE SLAVE NOT THE MASTER OF PERSONALITY	172, 173
SALADS AND COMPLEXIONS	174
LILACS	175
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING SLENDER	176
WATCH YOUR STEP!	176
MOTOR RACING IN 1929	177, 179
WEIGHED IN	180
DOES MONEY SPOIL SPORT?	181
WILL THERE BE A TIMBER FAMINE?	182
SOME THOUGHTS ON THE RYDER CUP	183
BRIGHTER BRIDGE	184
CHESS	184
BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS	184
THE IMPORTANCE OF FILM HUMOUR	187
CORRESPONDENCE	188
YOU AND YOUR MONEY	189-191

WHO'S WHO in this Issue

LORD BIRKENHEAD.

EXCLUSIVE contributor to BRITANNIA. His motto is that every man is the architect of his own fortunes. Passed from Oxford, where he was one of the most brilliant Presidents the Union Society has ever known, to the Bar. Entered Parliament and combined law and politics with outstanding

THE
NEW BRITANNIA

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All communications should be addressed to:—

The Editor,
BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand,
London, W.C.2

Don't forget to be frank and say what you don't like as well as what you do like.

distinction. A remarkable maiden speech placed him at one stroke in the front rank of the younger members of the Conservative Party. Became Lord Chancellor and acclaimed as the greatest legal mind of this or any generation. Filled with high ability the difficult office of Secretary of State for India before abandoning politics for big business and journalism.

A great political fighter and one of the most forceful personalities of the day.

RT. HON. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.

ONE of the most popular members of the Labour Party. Hail fellow well met, and intensely proud of his humble beginnings. Commenced life at nine years of age as an errand boy. Became an engine cleaner, then fireman and driver and finally General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, wielding enormous power; Secretary of State for the Dominions in the first Labour Government and (rumour has it) a possible Prime Minister of Great Britain.

CANON HANNAY (George A. Birmingham).

ONE of the few Churchmen who have succeeded in becoming a popular novelist. An

Irishman full of a sense of native humour and of high adventure. Rector of one of the most delightful parishes in England—Mells in Somerset. A great Protestant Churchman, and the author of many delightful works, of which, perhaps, *Spanish Gold* is the favourite.

W. L. HICHENS.

A PROMINENT leader of industry and a staunch believer in co-operation between Capital and Labour. Chairman of the great shipbuilding firm of Cammell Laird, and the English Electric Company.

ROSITA FORBES.

ONE of the most travelled women in the world. Organised a remarkable expedition in 1920 to Kufara in Libya, unvisited by any European since 1879. A Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and a vivid and picturesque writer.

LORD KNEBWORTH.

A N all-round sportsman. One of the most accomplished skiers. He is particularly interested in boxing, and, although recently defeated in a bout with a Billingsgate porter, is acknowledged to be a very competent boxer.

R. H. WILENSKI.

BRITANNIA'S art critic. Artist as well as critic. He has contributed to most of the leading reviews. He is the author of an excellent book just published, entitled *An Introduction to Dutch Art*. An outspoken writer and ardent supporter of the best modern movements in art.

CRAWFURD PRICE.

ONE of the best informed foreign correspondents of the day. An authority on all Near Eastern questions. Foreign correspondent of *The Times* in Macedonia, in Greece, and with the Serbian army in the Great War. Represented *The Sunday Times* at the Peace Conference, and foreign editor of that journal from 1920-25.

As Mr. Gilbert Frankau wishes it to be generally known that his connection with BRITANNIA has been severed, the Directors of British National Newspapers, Limited, have taken all possible steps to have his name removed from all advertising material on display.

Any newsagent having a BRITANNIA showcard or other advertising material bearing Mr. Frankau's name still in his possession should, therefore, destroy it forthwith and apply for an amended announcement.